

W LIFE, APRIL 29th, 1922.

COUNTRY LIFE" MINIATURE RIFLE COMPETITION, PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP (Illustrated).

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COUNTRY LIFE

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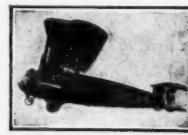
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Can Railway Rates be Lowered for Agricultural Produce?

THIS is a question now being agitated in circumstances that have become desperate. Unless some method of cheapening the carriage of foodstuffs from the land to the town can be found agriculture will be ruined. The case is fairly well understood. Examples of the high cost of transport have been given in almost every newspaper. It is enough for our argument to refer only to a few of them, such as the charge of £2 17s. for the carriage of goods worth £4 15s. from Aberdeen to London, and the charge of £1 18s. 5d. for sending potatoes from South Wales to Ely, as compared with 15s. 6d. for sending the same quantity of coal. The infant industry of growing beet for sugar is threatened with strangulation by the cost of carriage. Mr. Hiam works it out at £20 for seventy miles. The answer of the railway companies is as familiar and hackneyed as the examples of their charges. It is a repetition of the doctrine of the full truck. Where goods are carried in huge quantities, as is the case with coal, it is possible to carry them on much lower terms than would be charged for smaller quantities. The full truck costs very little more for running than the one which is only half full or even less. The way out of the difficulty, therefore, is that of filling the trucks, and how this can be done appears to be the only practical aspect which the subject possesses. In this country railways are owned and run by public companies with profit as the incentive. If they were in the hands of the Government they might be much less efficient, but at the same time they would be

more amenable to outside dictation. The farmers in a country where the railways are owned by the state, can, as a rule, exercise sufficient influence to force any lowering of rates that can be shown to be needful to their prosperity.

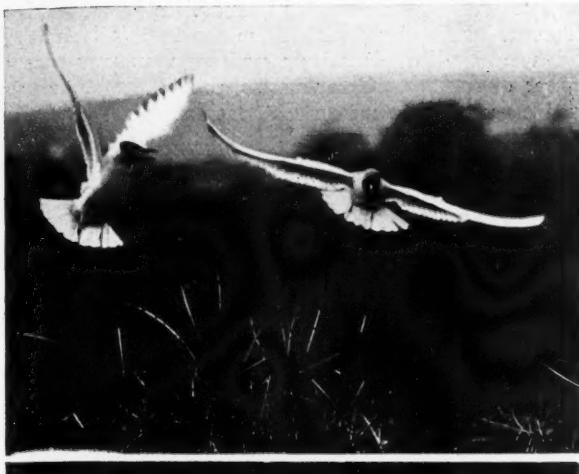
The matter is one for the Farmers' Union to take up, and in doing so they must face the facts of the situation. Everyone knows that the time is not one in which they can hope for any material help from the State. For many a long year the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to avoid every concession that he can get out of making, since the strain on the national resources is extreme and unrelenting. Anyone who considers the amount of interest we have to pay on the National Debt and the pensions and allowances to the soldier, which the country could not repudiate without losing every claim to respect, must see that these charges alone must preclude any Government from spending money except where necessity is keen and incontrovertible. The farmer must organise on his own account, for in organisation lies the only way of relief. The primary object is to induce all who are growing the same crops to combine and send their many consignments as though they were only one consignment. They must go further even than that. In those days a farmer will not be able to give complete reign to his fancy in choosing what to grow. He must take into account what his neighbours are growing, for obviously, if, for instance, the crop is potatoes, he will not obtain any advantage that may be secured by the potato grower, unless he himself grows potatoes. If he concentrates upon fruit, then he will be out of it as regards the potato-grower. Other things being equal, the fruit-grower who farms beside other fruit-growers will be in a better position to get his goods to market. Thus, in a potato district everyone should be encouraged to grow as many potatoes as he can, and the same would hold good with regard to fruit in a fruit district and to cereals in a cereal district. There must be co-operation in sending to market. Moreover, the farmer, in order to take full advantage of this co-operation, must have his crops ready at about the same time as his neighbours. For that reason, clubs, farm institutes and bodies of that kind should be greatly encouraged because they afford opportunities of discussing, first, what the land is most fitted to produce, and secondly, the means that should be taken to ensure that crops are grown with some kind of uniformity. All the early potatoes, for example, should be ready at the same moment. The second consignment ought to be from all the farmers if possible and the same with succeeding consignments. In that way, a regular traffic would be established. That will apply equally to fruit-growing, which really opens up a field that has scarcely yet been discovered by the ordinary grower. Let everyone remember that here as elsewhere union is strength.

Everyone knows the drawbacks. It is conceit of himself and jealousy of his neighbour that has kept the farmer from joining with others. They look at one another's orchards and A says that his apples are better than B's, and if the two are lumped together, they will be sold at one price. Well, that is the position as it stands to-day. Last autumn, the present writer was talking to an exceptionally good grower who was sending some beautiful pears up to market. The suggestion was made that he would get a good price for them, but he said, no, the price would probably be fixed by the auction seller on an average consignment, after which he would ask if anyone wanted a similar lot, and if the figure was satisfactory to the customer he would just have to take his luck with regard to getting his fruit from a first-rate orchard or a second-rate place.

Our Frontispiece

MRS. ARTHUR FAWCETT is the second daughter of the late Mr. William James, of West Dean Park, and of Mrs. J. C. Brinton, and was married in 1918 to Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Fawcett, M.C.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES.

SIR ROBERT HORNE'S second Budget, which is to be produced next week, is anticipated with more anxiety than has been excited by any of its predecessors. The country is groaning under the weight of that excessive taxation which was responsible for the economic misery that followed the Napoleonic Wars. Upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, then, lies a great responsibility. Some relief of the taxpayer is essential. Unless there is a reduction in the income tax the public will enquire very sharply into the extent to which the economy recommendations of the Geddes Committee and those offered by the Departments have been carried out. No one desires to minimise the great difficulties which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to face. National prosperity has received a blow, the effects of which demand the most careful revision. Income tax is bound to yield less than it did last year, because, instead of being based upon three good years, it is based on two good years and a thoroughly bad one. The depression of trade is bound to be reflected in a considerable decrease of the revenue derived from Customs and Excise. There is no medicine that could possibly cure these and kindred ills except a still more rigid economy. The process of spending more than the national income is leading straight to ruin. It has now become useless to ask for such a substantial reduction as that of two shillings which was foreshadowed, but half of that reduction is the least that taxpayers have a right to expect. The way in which they have been driven to pay taxes on income out of capital cannot last for ever. Unless steps are taken to lighten a burden that has become intolerable, those in authority will have to answer for the consequences.

A SAYING chronicled in the "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin" has a special application to the present year. He says: "I think it is very amusing to have a list before one's eyes of the order of appearance of the plants and animals around one; it gives a fresh interest to each fine day." The interest is rather melancholy this year, as anyone will discover who compares, say, the phenomena of the last week of April, as they are to be seen in the fields and lanes, with the records set out in the Calendar. It tells us that leaves come on the beech at the earliest on April 10th, while the mean is April 25th and the latest May 6th. On the 24th we noticed that in a sheltered and early spot the long buds of the beech were just beginning to swell. The bluebell's usual time of flowering is on the 25th, but though the ground adjacent to the beech is green with the plant, not a flower-bud has made its appearance. The strawberries, according to schedule, should flower on or about April 26th at the earliest, but they have not yet recovered from the effects of an east wind which has blown consistently for five or

six weeks. Trees that should be flowering now are the crab, maple and sycamore, while the walnut should be in leaf on April 29th. They are not and are only examples of many that could be quoted. These observations are made in the county of Herts, which ought to be just about as early as Cambridgeshire, where Mr. Blomefield's Calendar was kept. The mean dates have been recalculated by Sir Francis Darwin, who writes a charming introduction to it. He has the advantage of living in the same county as Mr. Blomefield.

THE news that the Government are satisfied with a plan for supplying sets of wireless telephony at a moderate price for use in any household, does not sound so impossible as it would have done before the war, especially as it is backed up by news that the people in the United States—who, like the Greeks, are ever in search of some new thing—during the present year acquired nearly 800,000 sets at a price ranging from £5 to £30. This means that a serious rival to the old telephone as a news distributor is being established. It will have many advantages over its predecessor. It will not depend on lines of wire that in town are at the mercy of snow and storm, and in the country are frequently broken down by the fall of a branch from one of the adjacent trees. The instrument will be cleaner and will involve no boring or other interference with the walls of the house for its installation. The only people who are likely to be scared are the purveyors of evening papers, because it will be possible for any subscriber to the wireless to hear all the events of the day as they occur, whether they relate to politics, war, crime or the Stock Exchange. No doubt the system will be found to have disadvantages when brought to the test of actual use, but it will remain a great achievement, marking a new victory in man's conquest and utilisation of natural forces.

NGOMA.*

*Pile the brushwood high and low,
Stir the fire until it gleams;
See the dancers to and fro
Sway, like ghosts of fevered dreams!*

Now the passing Ramazan ends the fast, and brings the feast :
Rise, O languid heart of man ! pleasure now shall be thy priest ;
Gather here from near and far, from the camp and the bazaar,
Come where light and laughter are, where thy dulness is released.

*Ati, join this careless throng !—to the sensuous hour succumb !—
Swell the mad and crooning song, measured by the throbbing drum :
Let thy body twist and sway (lithe as leopard after prey),
Thou shalt dance the night away in thy wild delirium !*

Feathered pomp and gilded face, strange and many-hued attire
Make thee of a phantom race, changeful as the changing fire ;
Come ! to-morrow thou shalt spurn, yesterday shall ne'er return,
Brother, thou shalt live and learn in this circle of desire !

*Wha' is left ? . . . the embers' red,
Silence, and the moon's faint beams ;
For the dancers all have fled—
Gone, like ghosts of fevered dreams !*

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

* The dance (ki-Swahili).

MOST healthy men and women have a love of singing, but the curious self-consciousness that, under the name of a sense of humour, has come like a blight upon the nation during the last century, makes them shy of appearing ridiculous, so that they nowadays sing only when they think they will not be heard—in chorus, on a lonely hill, in the bath, or in a noisy thoroughfare. That we are, as a nation, as musical as anyone else cannot be denied by any who have heard soldiers singing as they march ; perhaps our damp climate, that is not favourable to nocturnal song—the time when the bosom is most stirred to deliver itself so—may be partly responsible

for our silence. The tag "I care not who makes a nation's laws so long as I make its songs" is now the gist of some newspaper correspondence on the matter of music and adult education, in which village and town musical societies are advocated. This wholly beneficial proposal deserves the strongest support by all who have any influence in country life, and the Teachers' Conference would do well to turn their attention to getting rid of the false pride that has killed an English characteristic, at which Europe was amazed in the seventeenth century, namely, our love of singing and our skill in the dance.

THE sunlight cure for old oil paintings, which we touched on in this column some months ago, formed the subject of a letter to the *Times* the other day from Mr. M. H. Spielmann; the occasion was the Mantegnas in the Orangery at Hampton Court, which a lady had written indignantly to say she was unable to see owing to the strong reflections on the glass. Incidentally, her statements were grossly exaggerated, for the pictures are conveniently if not ideally displayed. Mr. Spielmann pointed out that the pictures were undergoing a light cure, which of late years has seriously threatened the old-fashioned surgical method of the *soi-disant* restorer. He quoted an instance where some Vandykes, which hung between the windows of a gallery in a country house, had, on the disinterested advice of a well known restorer, been laid out on the lawn in the sun and, in a few days, recovered their original brilliance.

BOYS played the most interesting part in the games and sports of last week. Eton won the Public School Rackets, beating a very plucky pair from Radley in the final and the Crawley brothers of Harrow in a memorable semi-final. The Etonians have not won since 1905, but they have fought out several finals, and Mr. de Montmorency, who coaches them, is to be congratulated on getting his reward at last. There were also some excellent performances in the Public School Sports at Stamford Bridge, but the most noteworthy feat was that of the two boy golfers of Sonning, Geoffrey and William MacCallum. They are aged eighteen and seventeen respectively. Receiving four strokes, they beat Taylor and Herd in a four ball match and then with the start of a third completely trampled on the veteran champions in a foursome. We must not in our enthusiasm forget the strokes given, nor the advantage of playing at home, but, making all due allowances, it was a very fine achievement.

THE readers of the late Mr. George Milner-Gibson-Cullums' will in the Press last week may have noticed that one of the bequests was "to the rector and churchwardens of the old Parish Church of Bexhill, a stained glass window." If they noticed it they probably remember it, for, put so laconically, the gift seems doubly strange. It is a late thirteenth century window of thirteen panels, containing figures beneath the towering canopies, familiar in work of that date. In the eighteenth century it was sold by the churchwardens of Bexhill to the neighbouring Lord Ashburnham, who presented it to Horace Walpole for Strawberry Hill. Walpole, whose knowledge of ancient glass, though much in advance of his contemporaries, was not very great, took the central couple of figures to represent Henry III and his Queen, and asserted, in his "Anecdotes," of the first volume of which this window was the frontispiece, that it was the only contemporary portrait extant. Although there are no very strong grounds for believing that the figures are not in reality Christ and the Virgin Mary, the restoration of the window by the descendant of its purchaser from Strawberry Hill marks the end of the travels of a window rivalled only by those of the famous window at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

MUCH has been written and said about the insect pests of field and garden, but it is a novelty to be told that insects are beneficial and in what way they can be encouraged. The Ministry of Agriculture has done well to devote one of its miscellaneous publications to the

subject. Among useful insects first place is accorded the ladybird. It begins to hunt the moment it is hatched, and as a flattish, black ugly grub eats its way through groups of aphides. Other insects which fight for the same good cause are ichneumon flies, tachinid flies, hover flies and lacewing flies. Two methods exist of taking advantage of these facts in natural history; one is the introduction of new kinds of parasitic insects into countries in which they do not already exist; the other, the increase by artificial means of parasites already established in a country. The Australian scale insect, which has spread from Australia to other countries, has been controlled by introducing its natural enemy, the ladybird (*Vedalia cardinalis*, Muls.). Ichneumon parasites have been cultivated in France in numbers sufficient to prevent the increase of the apple blossom weevil, and in greenhouses the ravages of white fly can be brought to an end by introducing a stock of parasites.

IN our correspondence columns this week there is a letter signed "G. H. B." which illuminates the disregard felt for our rare birds by a certain type of sportsman. On this occasion this "sportsman," according to his own story, was duck shooting at Formby and late in the evening a large bird, then unknown to him, flew past. He had only one shot left and with it despatched the beautiful spoonbill, which was innocently flying in the half light. Deeds like this have been censured in the Press and reprobated in the Courts of Law. There is no lover of Nature to whom they are not abhorrent, yet it would seem that all is in vain. The duck shooter goes out, and seeing a beautiful bird, shoots it, evidently entirely ignorant of the trouble that has been taken to preserve strangers from such a fate. The spoonbill, if a stranger, is also an exile come back, and an exile that thousands would welcome, as it is, according to the testimony even of the man who killed it, a most beautiful bird. Further comment is surely rendered superfluous by the fact that we have allowed the so-called sportsman to describe this achievement in his own words.

THE GEAN TREE.

Their shadows to the hills return;
The sheep are in the pen;
And there's a gean by Craigie-burn
That's scenting a' the glen.

O braw the birk, and tall the fir,
And rich the rowan tree,
And sweet the lilac's lavender--
But aye the gean for me!

Not for its bonnie blossoms white
And modest girlish air
Sae lovely in the dusky light,
I call the gean tree fair.

And O its berries! readier yet
They tak' the rovin' e'e--
But Madge and I can ne'er forget
It was our trysting-tree.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

IN sending the little poem on "The Gean Tree" Mr. Logie Robertson, writing from Edinburgh, says: "I am sending you a description of the loveliest object in Nature now to be seen—the gean tree in full blossom." What will strike the southerner is how lucky Edinburgh is. The wild cherry last year at this time had blossomed and faded near London. This time it has not yet come out. Like so many other garden flowers and wildlings, it has been held up by the frost, or, rather, by the unparalleled run of the east wind, which has blown with persistency for five weeks, save in those moments when it has shifted to the north and varied the particular character of the bad weather with a shower of snow or hail. It should be noted that Mr. Logie Robertson wrote on April 18th and his letter was received here on the 19th, so that if the cherry should burst into blossom between now and the date on which the poem is published there will be no excuse for crying out against any discrepancy.

PADUA AND ITS ANCIENT UNIVERSITY

THE CELEBRATION OF ITS SEVENTH HUNDRED ANNIVERSARY.

BY DR. C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

THE seven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University of Padua, which the Italians celebrate in May, is an auspicious event in the history of culture. Far beyond the confines of Italy the fame of this ancient University extends, where students of learning have gathered from every country in Europe. Despite wars and revolutions in every succeeding century from its beginning, it survives and flourishes, and to every seeker after knowledge it stands a monument to the ultimate triumph of learning. England's debt to Padua is greater, perhaps, than that of any other country, for here Harvey, Caius, More, Pole and many others studied, returning after years of work to impart the knowledge gained to those at home; and a remarkable record it is of work done and discoveries made.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the towns in Lombardy were in continual warfare; burnt houses and pillaged

family—Padua eventually passed into the possession of Venice, the scholars and students became practically free to study according to their bent, and the changed conditions were hailed with gladness not only by them, but also by the vast majority of the inhabitants. The benefit to the University was immediate, for Venice governed this house of learning with a paternal and broad-minded wisdom, compelling the Church of Rome to relinquish its tentative efforts to control the schools and permeating the whole atmosphere with the breath of freedom. Thus not only high salaries but the enjoyment of exceptional liberty of thought and speech drew scholars of all grades to Padua.

During the decades following on the brief war resulting from the League of Cambrai, students were frequently to be met on the high roads on horseback, carrying in front of them a leather valise containing a slender stock of books and clothing, of which they were liable to be robbed by bandits. Others,



THE CORTILE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PADUA.

castles defaced the countryside, and hostile armies wrought devastation in the plains. The great struggle between the partisans of the Pope and the Emperor, between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, caused peace to be unknown. In Padua itself that arch-fiend, Ezzelino, ruled with tyrannous oppression and gruesome cruelty, driving out of the city almost every semblance of civic life. Nevertheless in the midst of these horrors, which were accentuated by the struggle of the Church for supremacy, the University of Padua had its beginning, receiving from Pope Urban IV the title of "Universitas" by charter. Chairs of jurisprudence, medicine and theology soon drew students to Padua, while the keen rivalry between the various universities incited the municipalities concerned to tempt the best professors to their cities by the offer of high salaries. This inducement, together with the outstanding fact that liberty of thought was less hampered in Padua than in any other university town in Italy, or perhaps in Europe, was an attraction that scholars could not resist. For a lengthy period Padua was therefore the most popular school for the young professor with progressive ideas to which he desired to give utterance.

When, after many decades of precarious existence followed by the enjoyment of comparative prosperity—under the Carrara

more prudent, attached themselves to companies of merchants, while others again, possessed of ampler means, relied on their own servants for protection from highway robbery. It is probable that a third at least of the total number of young men who thronged the streets of Padua in the height of her academic glory came thither with the intention of widening their knowledge of men and manners, and adding to their accomplishments rather than applying themselves to serious studies. In those days it is stated there were usually quartered in private palaces not less than twenty students of such rank and fortune as to be surrounded, each, by a retinue of upwards of forty persons. To limit the luxury of this type of student, statutes relating to dress were enforced more or less rigorously. On the other hand, officials were annually appointed to fix the prices of apartments in order to protect the poorer students from extortionate landlords. In a contract in the year 1263 it is stipulated that the rent shall not be raised except when substantial improvements have been made, nor may the house be pulled down "even if an evil deed should be committed there." In cases where professors or the Rector himself gave lodging to students, an undertaking was given to provide good bread and wine and meat in the evening; and also a servant to carry books to and



THE PIAZZA DELL' ERBE AND THE PALAZZO DELLA RAGIONE.



PIAZZA AND BASILICA OF S. ANTONIO. THE MONUMENT IN THE FOREGROUND IS TO GENERAL GATTAMELATA.

from the schools, the books being voluminous and exceedingly heavy. There were, besides, a number of inns where students were accommodated at modest charges, in each of which it was common to find a preponderating nationality such as an inn mentioned by Brugi, where the hostess and the guests were alike German. This inn was regarded with suspicion by the bishop, owing to the large concourse of Teutons who frequented it and the attractiveness of the serving maids. There were notices issued annually to the inn-keepers forbidding them to cook meat in Lent, or on prohibited days, but in the daily round of student life in Padua there appears to have been remarkable freedom from vexatious interference with personal liberty. But of pre-eminent importance in the history of the University was the *Osteria del Bo*, the ancient inn the signboard of which was an ox, and which, standing in one of the main thoroughfares of Padua, between the *Via Cassa di Risparmio* and the *Via S. Francesco*, was the chief resort of both students and professors.

In addition to the residents of Padua, many travellers of distinction halted at the door of the "*Bo*," which was known throughout mediaeval Italy for the quality of its cellar and the excellence of the fare. Thus, the walls were often gay with the blazoned arms of knightly wayfarers, for whom flower-strewn apartments were reserved, while their equipages were bestowed in stables which provided accommodation for 200 horses; of these not a few were the property of pilgrims who required temporary quarters for their steeds while they themselves continued by sea their journey to the Holy Land.

When, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the urgent need of the University for one central building where its hitherto scattered classrooms might be collected under one roof became apparent, the Venetian Signory acquired possession of the "*Bo*" by a long lease and subsequent purchase and converted it to the use of the schoolmen.

The old inn, once a palace belonging to the Maltraversi, a noble Paduan family, was enlarged and beautified, the surviving tower, the fellow of which had been demolished, being converted into a belfry to which, later, was added a clock.

In the course of the following century further additions were found necessary, and there rose beside the old hostelry a fine building with numerous lecture rooms, a stately *aula magna*, an anatomical theatre and well-equipped library.

The new edifice, designed by Sansovino, contained a handsome inner quadrangle resembling in general features that of Bologna, the picturesque effect of the surrounding loggia being similarly heightened by the moulded and painted escutcheons of generations of students which adorn the walls and ceilings. But in spite of the dignified appellation of the "*Palazzo della Sapienza*," it is the older title of "*il Bo*" which survives in popular speech, recalling the days when gallants and burghers, students and professors thronged the inn's guest chambers, and the landlord, though himself a man of learning, played none the less successfully the part of cellarar and host.

Chief among the churches of Padua stands St. Antonio, with its seven domes and tall octagonal towers, dating from the thirteenth century; but the cathedral, though less interesting architecturally, is more closely linked with the life of the University since the elaborate ceremonies connected with the granting of a degree took place within its precincts.

Many curious details in regard to these and to kindred celebrations, such as the appointment of a Rector to the University, are given in the chronicles of Padua. Among other quaint customs may be mentioned one which must have somewhat shorn the hour of triumph of its first brilliancy. It was the traditional privilege of the students on this latter occasion to

tear the coat off the back of the newly appointed Rector, who in his term was required to redeem the fragments of his clothing at a high price. History does not relate at what period this ordeal fell into disuse, but there are numerous accounts of the processions with gifts, accompanied by musicians and torch-bearers, which paid honour to notable men of letters, such as Mussato (poet and historian of his own times) and the jousts and tourneys held by the relatives of students on their matriculation.

Sometimes a novel kind of tourney was held which involved the destruction of large quantities of eggs. The high encircling palisade which for such occasions was erected in the piazza had at one end a turret of lath and plaster; at the other a small pavilion from which, at the sound of a trumpet, there issued forth a company of young men encased in leathern helmets, cuirasses and arm-pieces and armed with staves 10ft. in length. On a second signal being given there entered the arena the occupants of the tower, who carried on their left arms baskets



THE BASILICA OF S. ANTONIO—LOOKING FROM THE CLOISTERS.

piled high with eggs. With these they pelted their adversaries, who turned themselves in circles, waving their weapons and succeeding at times by a dexterous thrust in sweeping a whole basketful of eggs to the ground. When the ammunition of the attackers was exhausted the encounter closed and the umpires proceeded to award the prize.

It was at times inevitable that encounters inspired by a less jovial temper should take place, particularly at the period when the Jesuits were endeavouring to assume authority over the University and to gain adherents from among the students or persecute those of the reformed faith who numbered many German Protestants.

At length, in the early part of July, 1591, a party of young men belonging to the nobility of Padua and Venice, having divested themselves of their clothing, wrapped themselves in linen sheets and thus apparelled forced their way into the Jesuits' *ginnasio*. There they flung aside their coverings and with fierce

taunts and gestures created a veritable panic among their enemies. But the affair obviously called for reprisals. Jesuit emissaries made speedy complaint to the Venetian Council, who despatched a special commissioner to investigate the matter and punish the offenders.

The University, on the other hand, sent delegates to Venice with a formidable list of grievances. By one of them, Cremonius, it was asserted that the privileges of which the Jesuits boasted were directly opposed to the statutes of the University as approved by the Senate, which had forbidden the teaching of anatomy save by the professors of the University, and, moreover, that no privileges could be held valid which contravened the laws of the Venetian Republic. The mission was crowned with complete success. Before the close of the year the Rector of the University was empowered to call together the Jesuit Fathers and inform them of the Council's decision to forbid all encroachments on the University's educational powers and privileges. The struggle between the two bodies continued none the less until the definite expulsion of the Jesuits. The ban was not removed till 1656, when the waning power of the Venetian Republic could no longer flout the persistent demands of the Pope for the re-admission of the Brotherhood.

But although the ruthless machinery of the Inquisition was put in force against Paduan scholars, such as Galileo, who in an

evil hour returned to his native city of Florence, there are few records of extreme religious persecution in the annals of Padua herself.

The warlike courage of her burghers, the dauntless and hardy spirit of her several student corps or "nations," as they were termed, offered a resistance to ecclesiastical encroachments and exactions which was in the main successful. To this fact chiefly is it due that so large a number of English and Scottish escutcheons are blazoned on the walls and ceilings of the cortile of the University. Of English men of science who came to Padua, Harvey and Linacre were perhaps the most notable. Here the former made his first studies in pathology which later led to his discovery of the circulation of the blood, being acclaimed by the professors as one of the most brilliant young men of his day.

Linacre also made a lengthy stay, during which he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Among the distinguished ecclesiastics who frequented the classrooms were Cardinal Reginald Pole and Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, and they had been preceded by Dean Colet and the classical scholars, William Latimer and William Grocyn. These are but a few of the early links which bind English scholarship to that mediaeval storehouse of legal and classic learning and impel us to-day to acclaim the seventh centenary of its birth.

SHOULD WASPS BE DESTROYED?

THE question as to whether wasps do more harm than good by taking fruit, or more good than harm by killing flies and other noxious insects, has long been a matter of controversy. The following notes, which are the result of careful observations under natural conditions may help to solve the problem. Six species of social wasps occur in Britain; of these we are not concerned with four, as they do not attack fruit to any appreciable extent and so are entirely beneficial.

The two destructive species, which are likewise the commonest, are *Vespa vulgaris* and *Vespa germanica*. With the exception of the hornet, the wasps are very similar in appearance, and at first sight it is not easy to recognise them. Two of the harmless species, *V. sylvestris* and *V. norvegica*, suspend their nests from the branches of trees and bushes, while the harmful wasps mentioned above invariably nest in the ground. The remaining harmless species, *V. rufa*, also nests in the ground, but it can be distinguished from the others by the reddish clouding on the back and sides of the base of the abdomen.

The life history is very uniform in all species: the young queens and males ("drones") leave the nest in the autumn and pair; the first frosts of autumn kill off the males and workers, but the fertilised queens seek winter retreats in houses, sheds, under the bark of trees, or any convenient shelter. The warm days of April tempt them out, and they may be seen flying about and visiting such flowers as are in bloom.

Towards the end of May the queen wasp selects a suitable site and commences nest-building. The material of which the nest is constructed is a paper-like substance formed of thoroughly masticated wood fibre, which is mixed with a gummy secretion from the mouth of the insect. At first only about a dozen cells are constructed; these are surrounded by an envelope with a small entrance and exit hole. In each cell an egg is laid, which in due course hatches to a fat, legless grub. The grubs are assiduously fed by the mother wasp, the food consisting almost entirely of insect juices. When full fed the grubs spin a silken cap over the cell and turn to chrysalides, the perfect wasps emerging shortly afterwards.

All the wasps which are produced in the early months of the year are workers, that is to say, immature females. When about a dozen of these workers have been reared, the queen retires from her nursing duties and confines herself to the business of egg-laying. The production of workers continues until August, when males and young queens are produced. A large colony of wasps may consist of several thousand workers; from a nest of this size about three



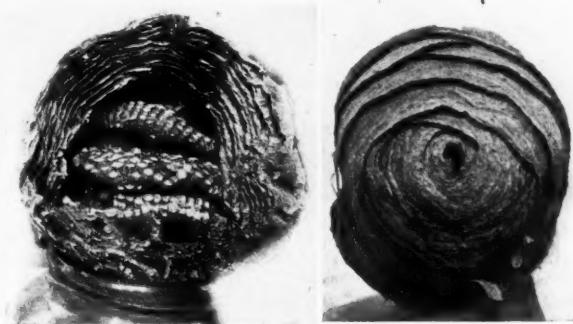
A *VESPA VULGARIS* QUEEN.

hundred queens will emerge in late summer. All the brood, including the grubs which will become males and queens, are



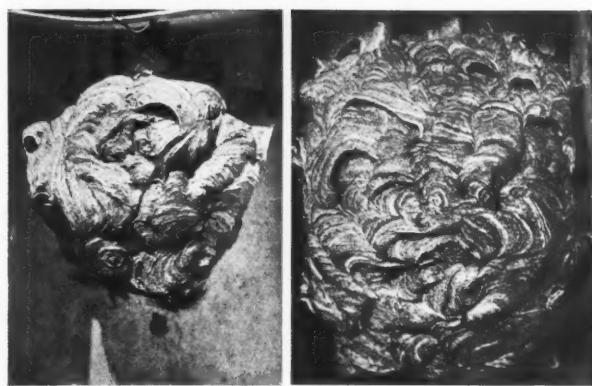
A *VESPA GERMANICA* QUEEN.

fed almost exclusively on insect juices. Observations carried out last year showed that the bulk of the insects taken by wasps consisted of blow-flies, bluebottles, house-flies and crane-flies. Caterpillars, saw-fly larvae, moths and leaf-hoppers are also preyed upon to a considerable extent. It should be noticed that "lady-birds," in common with other beetles and



NEST OF VESPA SYLVESTRIS.

hover-flies, are not attacked. Both these insects are beneficial to the farmer, as they are inveterate enemies of the green-fly. In the late summer the workers turn their attention to fruit; the damage caused to the fruit is not so great as is popularly supposed; fallen fruit, or fruit that has previously been attacked by birds, is generally preferred. It is probable that the damage



NEST OF VESPA GERMANICA, SHOWING TWENTY-FIVE DAYS' GROWTH.

done to fruit is immensely outweighed by the destruction of harmful insects earlier in the summer.

Queen wasps should not be destroyed in the winter or spring; if wasps are so abundant as to be a serious menace to the crop of fruit, a proportion of the nests should be destroyed in August; by this time the useful work of the wasps will be finished, and by leaving a few nests unmolested the supply of queen wasps for the ensuing year will be assured. In no case, however, should nests other than those of *V. vulgaris* and *V. germanica* be destroyed.

E. B. WATSON AND A. S. BUCKHURST.

YOUNG GOLFING PROPHETS

By BERNARD DARWIN.

I HAVE lately been spending some hours in a secluded meadow, where no human could see me, trying to pretend that I was a windmill or a motor car, the spoke of a wheel or the barrel of a gun. This is not the result, as might at first sight appear, of temporary mental derangement, but of studying and attempting to put into practice the golfing tenets of Miss Joyce Wethered and her brother Roger ("Golf From Two Sides," by Roger and Joyce Wethered. Longmans). They tell me to do various things that I don't do and not to do various things that I do, and they point their advice by ingenious illustrations drawn from inanimate objects. Thus I am to delay putting my puny strength into the shot until the very last moment, like a motor car which reaches its very fastest pace just when it gets to the bottom of a hill; my upward swing, as I attempt to play a "back-spin" shot with an iron, is to be like the spoke of a wheel, and so on. The authors are not only very fine players, but very young and strong, and, as the result of my experiments, I am disposed to think that some of their advice is suited only to those in like case. Whether or not that is so, I am quite sure that it is in the abstract extremely good and extremely well expressed. They have produced a book which is not only technically illuminating, but written with pleasantness and charm. They do not call a club an "implement," a hole a "cup," nor a cow on the fairway a "bovine hazard." In short, they write as they play, naturally, simply and gracefully, and what more could anyone desire?

I have said that elder golfers may not be able to do quite all they are told and it is a view with which the authors themselves appear to agree. The reason is that their theory of golf is to some extent a theory of strains. Everything is to be firm and compact, almost tense, whereas elderly muscles may tend to be flaccid and "floppy." I cannot better illustrate the point than by quoting the summary of the up swing in the chapter on tee shots, which represents, I gathered from the preface, the collective wisdom of the family. "In going back there are two movements of the arms. The first movement is to take the club back until the left arm is quite straight and horizontal—just as if it were the spoke of a wheel without any bend in it—and at this position the toe of the club is pointing straight up into the sky. The second movement is to lift the toe and carry it over the shoulder towards the hole. . . . The wrists are not being told to do anything on their own account; they must not turn loosely away in either of these two movements. Does this action of arms and wrists feel comfortable? In all probability not particularly so. And this possible feeling of restraint is the reason why it is not more often done. . . . The golf swing is not intended to represent the acme of comfort." This is the burden of their song. It is in a modern guise the advice of Sir Walter Simpson to make ourselves feel taut rather than flexible. It recurs constantly throughout the book, but in no wearisome manner. It is simply that firmness and tautness make up the principle on which the authors have founded their own styles, which look so singularly comfortable and easy. To

be firm, not to dance on the tips of our toes, to keep the left arm stiff, to avoid a spurious and meretricious freedom—these are things that cannot be said to us too often.

There are many pieces of technical advice which I should like to quote, but I have not room, nor would it be fair on the book, which must be read as a whole. There is, however, one particularly interesting point about Mr. Roger Wethered's conception of the game and that is his desire for simplicity, for getting to the hole by the easiest way. He is very wisely, I think, of the school which holds with J. H. Taylor that "There is plenty of room in the middle of the course," and does not at all want to play "fancy shots," save under dire necessity. Here is an illustration. "One of the great professionals," he says, "was playing with a prominent amateur. At a certain hole both the drives had been hit well and truly down the course, but the amateur had to play the odd by a yard or so. The wind was blowing strongly across the line of play from left to right and the distance to the pin was that of a full mid-iron shot. The amateur played his shot and played it well from left to right, and the ball staggered on to the green safely enough, but in an uncertain manner. He gave a visible sigh of relief. It looked a moderately impressive stroke until the professional, from much the same place, hit the ball confidently on to the centre of the green with a high shot that was notable in no respect save that it flew perfectly straight, pitched on the green, and stayed there." We find the same approbation of directness and simplicity in the chapter on "Golf in America." Mr. Wethered analyses very well the qualities of the American amateurs, for whom he has a very proper admiration, and comes to the conclusion, broadly speaking, that they play so well because they reduce the game, as far as may be, to its elements, cut out all superfluous "frills" and try to play the same shot as often and as accurately as possible. It has often been said that the new school of golf plays one shot over and over again and it is alleged that the modern ball is responsible for this state of things. It may be so, but it may also be that the new golfer has discovered that he can do without a lot of so-called strokes that only make the game more difficult.

Besides this chapter on American golf, there is a very pleasant one on Oxford golf. Mr. Wethered pays a discriminating compliment to his friend Mr. Tolley when he says that in him "is found the one British amateur of our day who is capable of beating an opponent who is right on the top of his game." He adds this pleasant story, with which I must end. Mr. Tolley arrived on the eighteenth tee at Frilford to find that he must hole out the last hole (240yds. long) in one stroke in order to tie for a University medal, and it chanced that some players were practising on the home green. "A messenger, in the form of a caddie, conveyed the information that this was Mr. Tolley's all-important stroke, and that the player would be glad if we would allow him to proceed with its execution, since he could not imagine how he might be expected to hole out with so many idle people clustered around the vicinity of the flag."

“COUNTRY LIFE” MINIATURE RIFLE COMPETITION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP

BY MAX BAKER.

THIS year's results repeat those of last year in the most remarkable fashion. For the “A” or Senior Cup, Charterhouse has, as before, won with a substantial lead, and Radley is again second. The conditions are identical with those of the previous contest, except that by all accounts the objectives on the landscape target presented more difficulty than before to the fire director in his efforts to describe them to the successive firing squads. Still, as the task set was the same for all, the scores are comparable one with another, though in a less measure with the results previously attained. Thus, a year ago the winners made an aggregate total of 896 points, whereas this time they reached 885. Radley was then 37 points behind, this time the difference is 82, most of it occurring in the Landscape series. These two schools have run a close race all along. Radley won the first three competitions in the years 1912, 1913 and 1914; while Charterhouse won its virgin victory in 1916, and proved it was no fluke by repeating the performance in the following year. Then it gave way for two years in succession, enabling University College School to repeat in 1918 the victory it had gained in 1915. Winchester obtained the coveted honour in 1919, and then Charterhouse began the series of triumphs which now makes three in succession, with five in all. The third place has been won by Trent College, which scores a splendid rise from last year's seventeenth place on the list. Wrekin College comes fourth, against twenty-third last year; while Winchester's fifth place marks it one rung higher than a year ago. Ardingly—sixth on the list—has done splendidly, for as a shooting school it has attained front rank in the short period of a couple of years, before which time it had temporarily allowed this department of manly exercise to take a secondary place.

The “B” Cup, which is competed for by schools having less than three platoons, shows a still more remarkable repetition of the previous happening, no less than the first four places being as before. As a consequence West Buckland School, with a score of 809, secures its second victory. The total compiled would actually place it second in the “A” list. Last year it made 775, and as the improvement is nicely dispersed over the four practices of which the Competition consists, the team was clearly in splendid form. The Royal Grammar School, Lancaster, made a worthy effort, for with a score of 765 it beat its own previous total by no less than 68 points. Sutton Valence with 674 improved on its previous result by 13 points; while Giggleswick made 657, or 22 additional points. Exeter School was sixth and is now fifth; likewise the Oratory School, which we all associate with Cardinal Newman, is sixth instead of seventh. Individual mentions must cease with Skinners School, Tunbridge Wells, which has moved up from sixteenth in order of merit last year to seventh this.

The entry of second teams has not been as satisfactory as was anticipated when this innovation was sanctioned, but *experiencia docet*, and we have discovered where the difficulty arises. It is all very well to say in theory that the team leader must discover the objectives marked on the landscape and by word of mouth describe their position in turn to the pairs who

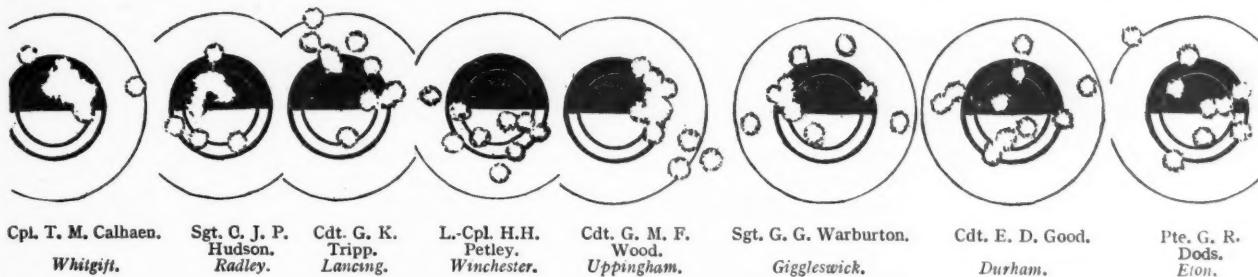
get down to shoot; but in practice the description resolves itself into “Three inches to the right of Beachy Head,” and the team members have to learn beforehand this fanciful system of geography as applied to three landscapes; for any one of them may be chosen. This is not quite what E. John Solano intended when he devised the target. However, to select and train eight boys, not to mention reserves, is not a simple task, while to repeat it for a second team is beyond the resource of most schools. For we must remember that the Public School boy has just about as fully filled a list of engagements as the busy politician. Sport requires no goad, but as there is a repercussion from every one of those agitations for improving the boy's fitness for the battle of life they crystallise into a weird and wonderful series of educational sideshows. Clearly, second teams should only shoot under “COUNTRY LIFE Conditions” in the sense in which these govern inter-school matches, which is to say that Series 1, 2 and 3 should be the sole items in the second team's *menu*, the Landscape, or Series 4, being reserved for the seniors. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, four schools in the “A” Class rose to the occasion, Brighton College second team gaining ninth place on the list and so qualifying for the medals which are to be awarded. Charterhouse just missed its habit of winning, for its second team was 25 points behind, so it ranks as runner-up among the second teams. There must have been great times at Brighton when the second team proved to have beaten the first, but as the difference arose in the Landscape series—a thing which may easily happen—the senior team has no cause for self-reproach. Sherborne, Winchester and Marlborough were the other schools entering second teams, and although they did not gain conspicuous places on the list they showed fine sportsmanship in making the attempt. The “B” Class only mustered one second team, and they made bottom score; but as there is no reservation in the rules, the members of Bloxham School second team will receive medals, and they should be proud to take them, for there is great merit in trying.

With these scores and all that lies behind them as text there is much that might be said on the more general question of Public Schools miniature rifle shooting. The miniature or .22 bore rifle is the one and only way of teaching shooting to the large number who, in the interests of national security, should master its rudiments. In these post-war days when voluntary military effort is enfeebled in its enthusiasm the Public Schools O.T.C.'s are keeping alive a tradition which is elsewhere losing its hold on the nation. The right time for learning to shoot with the rifle is when at school, more especially in these days when legislation forbids the possession of such except to the authorised few. This early education when applied to the cream of our boyhood leavens the whole race and so supplies a germ of infinite propagation possibilities. Yet I am compelled to add that the magnificent effort being made by the officers commanding these units, valiantly backed by non-commissioned officers, usually of Hythe training, is not seconded by headquarters as it ought to be. The rifles in use, or issued for use, are a travesty of what rifles should be, and all for want of a relining process costing but a couple of pounds.



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SOME OF THE BEST TARGETS FOR GROUPING (SCORE ON BULL'S EYE IMMATERIAL).



TARGETS MADE IN A ONE-MINUTE TIME ALLOWANCE.

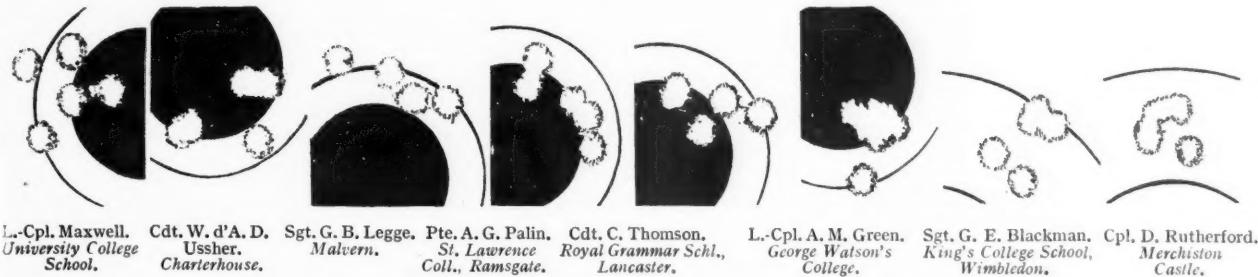


FIGURE TARGET EXPOSURE THREE SECONDS PER SHOT.



The full scores are as follows:

Conditions.—Teams of eight shooting members. Five shots grouping; highest possible score per team, 80. Ten shots rapid at tin hat target, time one minute, h.p.s. 400. Five shots snap shooting at head-and-shoulders target with three-second exposures, h.p.s. 200. Last escape target, twenty-four shots per team distributed over four objectives invisible to the shooter, but described as to position by the team leader, who detects them with glasses, h.p.s. 360, with extras for exceptional grouping.

CLASS "A" CUP.

(Schools with 3 Platoons or over.)

1 = Grouping.	2 = Rapid.	3 = Snap shooting.	4 = Landscape.	1	2	3	4	Total
1. CHARTERHOUSE, 1st team	..	75	365	165	280	885		
2. RADLEY	..	70	354	170	200	803		
3. TRENT	..	65	328	165	229	787		
4. WREKIN	..	50	327	190	205	772		
5. WINCHESTER, 1st team	..	60	355	125	199	739		
6. ARDINGLY	..	52	333	155	198	738		
7. AMPLEFORTH	..	47	341	150	192	730		
8. RUGBY	..	55	328	155	189	727		
9. BRIGHTON, 2nd team	..	42	325	145	203	715		
10. WHITGIFT	..	55	328	140	192	715		
11. KING EDWARD'S (BIRMINGHAM)	47	330	155	177	709			
12. DURHAM	..	65	337	165	139	706		
13. MARLBOROUGH, 1st team	..	75	315	150	151	691		
14. CHARTERHOUSE, 2nd team	..	60	336	150	144	690		
*15. ST. LAWRENCE (RAMSGATE)	..	45	314	115	214	688		
16. GUILDFORD	..	60	332	175	112	679		
17. SHREWSBURY	..	65	329	145	139	678		
18. ETON, 1st team	..	54	331	140	150	675		
19. LANCING	..	60	339	150	122	671		
20. MALVERN	..	70	327	135	128	660		
21. REPTON	..	62	331	170	95	658		
22. MILL HILL	..	57	311	145	143	656		
23. DENSTONE	..	50	307	130	105	652		
24. KING'S COLLEGE (WIMBLEDON)	..	60	318	145	129	652		
25. BRIGHTON, 1st team	..	52	347	130	112	641		
26. CRANLEIGH	..	54	318	135	132	639		
27. THE LEYS SCHOOL	..	37	296	75	230	638		
28. EDINBURGH	..	70	333	105	112	620		
29. GEORGE WATSON'S	..	36	327	135	116	614		
30. FELSTED	..	38	306	125	144	613		
31. UPPINGHAM	..	50	331	140	90	611		
32. EPSOM	..	60	306	135	106	607		
33. GRESHAM'S	..	47	282	110	166	605		
34. HURSTPIERPOINT	..	42	308	130	122	602		
35. EELMERE	..	42	294	130	133	599		
36. HAILESBURY	..	52	308	115	122	597		
37. ST. PAUL'S	..	60	320	145	68	593		

38. MERCHISTON CASTLE	50	302	85	155	592
39. SHERBORNE, 1st team	36	302	115	139	592
40. ST. BEE'S	45	280	150	116	591
41. OUNDE	55	276	145	107	583
42. BEAUMONT	30	300	125	118	573
43. EMANUEL	47	307	120	74	548
44. TONBRIDGE	55	282	120	90	547
45. CHELTENHAM	45	291	90	118	544
46. DULWICH	47	298	155	42	542
*47. WESTMINSTER	42	266	110	122	540
48. SHERBORNE, 2nd team	52	266	115	106	539
49. ETON, 2nd team	33	281	115	107	536
50. WINCHESTER, 2nd team	32	309	90	90	521
51. BRIDLINGTON	36	294	100	79	509
52. GLASGOW HIGH SCHOOL	39	254	100	101	494
53. WELLINGTON	30	292	75	95	492
*54. HAMPSTEAD	47	254	100	91	492
55. BRADFIELD (BERKS)	47	306	110	27	490
56. WORKSOP	36	249	100	95	480
57. ROSSALL	38	275	45	122	480
58. SEDBERGH	35	257	120	41	453
59. CITY OF LONDON	25	234	80	102	441
60. MARLBOROUGH, 2nd team	34	264	65	74	437
61. BROMSGROVE	36	275	80	47	437
62. KING'S (CANTERBURY)	37	240	50	36	372

CLASS "B" CUP.

(Schools with less than 3 Platoons.)

1. WEST BUCKLAND	60	332	155	262	809
2. ROYAL GRAMMAR (LANCASTER)	65	348	165	187	765
3. SUTTON VALENCE	60	317	120	177	674
4. GIGGLESWICK	80	311	75	191	657
5. EXETER	60	332	150	90	632
6. ORATORY (EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM)	34	286	120	123	563
7. SKINNERS (TUNBRIDGE WELLS)	52	271	95	122	540
8. KING ALFRED'S (BERKS)	42	303	105	79	529
9. ROYAL GRAMMAR (WORCESTER)	39	284	75	112	510
10. KING'S (BRUTON)	60	265	85	84	494
11. WEYMOUTH	41	244	95	100	480
12. KING'S (TAUNTON)	52	261	135	— 2	446
13. LEEDS GRAMMAR	26	257	55	84	422
14. NORTH EASTERN COUNTY SCHOOL (BARNARD'S CASTLE)	22	240	85	75	422
15. BLOXHAM, 1st team	36	270	55	52	413
16. KELLY (TAVISTOCK)	40	255	90	20	405
17. KING EDWARD VI GRAMMAR (LOUTH)	19	..	260	75	30	384	
18. FOREST (WALTHAMSTOW)	41	247	55	25	368
*19. HYMER'S	24	262	40	25	351
20. KING EDWARD'S (BATH)	17	205	35	90	347
21. BLOXHAM, 2nd team	7	30	20	290	

* These teams shot at the 20yds. range.

In the process of compiling the scores from the targets sent in we came across some very interesting items, of which a selection is here presented in the form of the actual diagrams made. Conspicuous team performances can only be dealt with briefly. In the grouping series, the team representing Giggleswick School was the only one making the highest possible aggregate score. In the Rapid, Charterhouse again secured the lead with 365 points out of a possible 400, in the process beating

their previous record by 3 points. Honours for the Snapshooting series go to Wrekin School, whose 190 equals the best of last year, as made by Charterhouse and Emanuel. In the Landscape, Charterhouse again head the list with 280, being 1 point behind last year's fine total. The finest individual contribution in the whole match was that of Cadet W. d'A. D. Ussher of Charterhouse, who made the only highest possible score in Series 1, 2 and 3.

THE BURDETT COUTTS COLLECTION OF MINIATURES

WHAT to leave out is one of the eternal problems of art. Vandyck in his group of the Digby family fortunately chose to omit very little and has given us a sumptuous vision of lace and embroideries, which in no way distracts the eye from his sitters themselves.

Now that garments are merely things of the moment, to be thrown aside after a few months, it is not worth while to do more than suggest their folds and texture, but in the seventeenth century it was a matter of deep thought to select the designs for the priceless lace and needlework that adorned the suit of ceremony. The taste shown in this choice and the richness of the materials used give so clear an indication of the character and standing of the owner that they become almost an integral part of the portrait.

Peter Oliver evidently felt this so strongly that in making his exquisite transcription of the Digby group he has not been tempted to simplify it in any way, but has reproduced every detail of the elaborate accessories on an incredibly small scale, rendering it one of the most perfect examples of the craft, as well as the art of miniature painting. It is the chief treasure of the collection, and it would be difficult to imagine a miniature more interesting from every point of view.

Besides being the work of one great artist interpreted by another, it contains the portrait of a strange character. Sir Kenelm Digby, who here looks sedate and heavy, had been a dashing adventurer and still dabbled in chemistry and alchemy—not very successfully, if the story be true that he accidentally poisoned his beautiful wife by giving her viper wine to drink for the good of her complexion. The group must have been painted just before her death in 1633, for her second son was then five years old and he appears to be at least that age in the picture. There is a delightful contrast between the two children—one a serious little boy, standing quiet and upright just as he was told; and the other a roguish lad, tucked under his mother's arm to keep him still, but clearly longing to be off.

Oliver's copy is dated 1635. Its richness of colour and depth of tone are amazing, and it has been perfectly preserved, owing to the fact that it and the two other miniatures in the same case were locked away for many years in a box in the house of Mr. Watkin Williams, a descendant of the Digby family. They were purchased from him by Horace Walpole, who probably bought at the same time the portrait by Peter Oliver of Sir Kenelm Digby in an ivory frame. This shows him with

a more alert expression than does the Vandyck portrait, but the pose and lighting are so exactly the same as in that picture that we are tempted to think the head was painted from it, thick curls being added to make him seem younger. In the Vandyck picture his scanty hair is carefully combed forward, and he may have wished to have the luxuriance of his lost locks recorded. The date on the single head is 1627, but that might only mean that he is there represented as he appeared at that date. The dress is exquisitely painted and is quite different from the one he wears in the family group.

There is also by P. Oliver a portrait of Lady Di by as a girl—very beautiful, but with a hard, determined expression. Many pictures of this famous beauty exist, by Vandyck and others, and this head was probably painted from one of them, for she was not "La. Ven. Digby" when she was "Aetatis 19," as the inscription on the miniature states. She was three years older than her husband and did not marry him till she was twenty-five. Another miniature shows her in white draperies with flowing hair. The third portrait of her by Oliver in this collection is mounted in the right wing of the case containing the Digby family group.

This case must have been designed by Walpole, for it has the Orford crest engraved on the lock. Outside it is curiously decorated with Wedgwood cameos. In the left wing is a portrait by Isaac Oliver of Lady Arabella Stuart. There are several miniatures of her extant, showing her in wonderfully embroidered dresses, and in this as well as in another (also by I. Oliver), owned by Colonel Wingfield Digby, she appears to be wearing only one large jewelled earring. In both of these portraits she has falling lace ruffles round her throat and a fine black necklace, and her hair is spread loosely over her shoulders.

Rather later in date is a delightful Hoskins miniature of Mrs. Claypole, depicting her as an attractive woman with large eyes and pouting underlip. Her soft curls and pink dress looped with pearls are charmingly painted.

Extremely fine, though unfortunately much injured, is a head of George Monk, first Duke of Albemarle. It is on a very small scale, but painted with great vigour. It is set in an interesting contemporary locket of rubies and enamel.

We now come to the splendid set of five enamels by Petitot (here illustrated) from the Strawberry Hill collection.

Foremost among them is the head of James II when Duke of York, described by Horace Walpole as "freely painted though highly finished and done I suppose in France." Walpole



THE DIGBY FAMILY, LADY VENETIA DIGBY AND LADY ARABELLA STUART (LEFT), BY ISAAC AND PETER OLIVER. FROM STRAWBERRY HILL.

was probably unaware—or he would have mentioned it—that Petitot's enamel is an exquisite copy of a very fine miniature by S. Cooper, owned by Colonel Sotheby, in whose family it has been since 1711. In an old pocket book of that date James Sotheby records that he bought the Cooper miniature on March 6th for 20 guineas from Graham. (This Graham may have been the writer on English painters from whose works Walpole collected much of the information for his "Anecdotes.") The enamel was painted for the Duke of York to give to his mistress, Mrs. Godfrey, and it was purchased by Walpole at the sale of the property of her daughter, Mrs. Dunch.

Walpole knew that Petitot was in the habit of working from pictures, for he says that the enamel of Charles I in this collection was probably painted from life, "as it is not like any I have seen by Vandyck." The face is certainly stronger and less melancholy than in most of the Vandyck portraits.

The enamel of Charles II in the centre of the group may also have been done direct from life, for it has a different expression from that in his well known portraits. Walpole says that he bought it "of an old gentlewoman to whom the King presented it when he stood Godfather to her in Holland." It has an additional attraction in the locket of the period which holds it, made of delicate blue enamel, with the Royal Crown and the initials of Charles II inside the cover.

Mme. de la Vallière, although painted with the utmost softness and finish, does not give the idea of great beauty, and the Henriette d'Angleterre, Duchesse d'Orléans, looks both more attractive and more intelligent. This last was considered such a perfect specimen of an enamel that Zincke kept it by him for years as a study, before selling it to Walpole.

There are two enamels by Zincke in the collection; but finer than either of these is one, by Nathaniel Hone, of Hare Townshend, in a rose-coloured coat and turban trimmed with fur, the whole of the most beautiful tone. Also charming in colouring is the enamel attributed to him of the Young Pretender, and the expression in both faces is most animated.

Of foreign miniatures the most interesting are an unusually small portrait in oils of Bossuet, very finely painted, and one of a quite different type, representing a sprightly little lady of the eighteenth century in an enormous hat.

There are comparatively few English miniatures of the late eighteenth century, but among them is a beautiful example of J. Bogle, the Scotch painter—"A Gentleman" in brown, drawn and painted with great certainty and delicacy. There is a lively little portrait of the handsome Richard Sheridan in a gay green coat with a pink collar, and one of the Hon. Elizabeth Booth, by John Smart, painted with all his usual deftness.

Other miniatures are interesting for the personages they represent, such as Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, wearing a delightfully frivolous cap of fluttering blue ribbons and lace, which contrasts oddly with her stern, unbending expression. There is Frederick the Great as a child, already showing his martial tastes by playing the drum; Foxe, the author of the Book of Martyrs; Henrietta Maria, Ninon de Lénclos and Handel.

The collection ends with a large number of portraits by Sir William Ross, bright, cheerful and wonderful in technique. The portrait of Miss Burdett Coutts herself—now in the National Gallery—is perhaps his finest work. His pictures will always be valuable for their sound workmanship and as a faithful record of the period in which



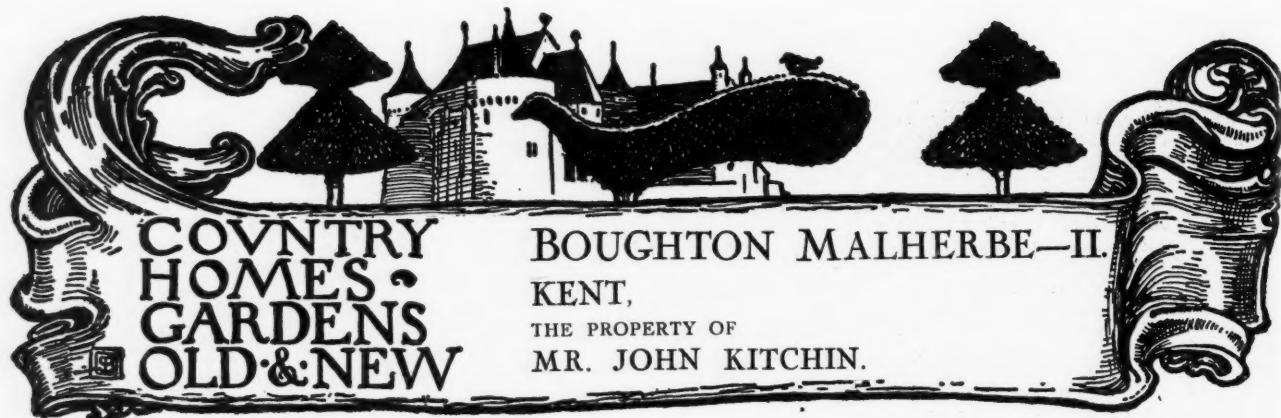
THREE MINIATURES BY PETER OLIVER. FROM STRAWBERRY HILL. Sir Kenelm Digby (left) and two of Lady Venetia Digby. A Greek gold earring representing the Winged Victory. Circa 100 B.C.

they were painted, but he lacks the genius and the charm that make us return again and again to look at the miniatures of Oliver and Cooper.

WINIFRED HOPE THOMSON.



FIVE MINIATURES BY J. PETITOT. FROM STRAWBERRY HILL. Left to right, Charles I, Charles II (in contemporary folding gold locket), Madame de la Vallière, James II, and Henriette d'Angleterre, Duchess of Orleans.



WE have seen that Sir Robert Wotton was Knight-Porter of Calais when he died and was buried there in 1519. The connection of the family with that place continued, for the principal office held by his son, Sir Edward, was the more important one of Treasurer of Calais. He was of the many well connected and quite efficient men who formed the working body of Henry VIII's bureaucracy. The ambitious members, according to their greater or less judgment and luck, increased their possessions or lost their heads. Politics were certainly more dangerous and, perhaps, more dirty than to-day. But,

then, as now, there were good men—men whose eye was on their duty quite as much as on their interest, on the patriotic discharge of the country's business as much as on the smart capture of the acres of dissolved monasteries or attainted laymen. Such were Edward Wotton and his brother Nicholas, the elder soldier and statesman, the younger Churchman and diplomatist. Edward after his father's death takes an active part in Kentish administration, serving as Sheriff in 1529, before which year he had been knighted. He is with the King at Calais in 1532, and two years later officiates at the coronation of Anne Boleyn. In 1539 he is again at Calais, being one of the knights sent there

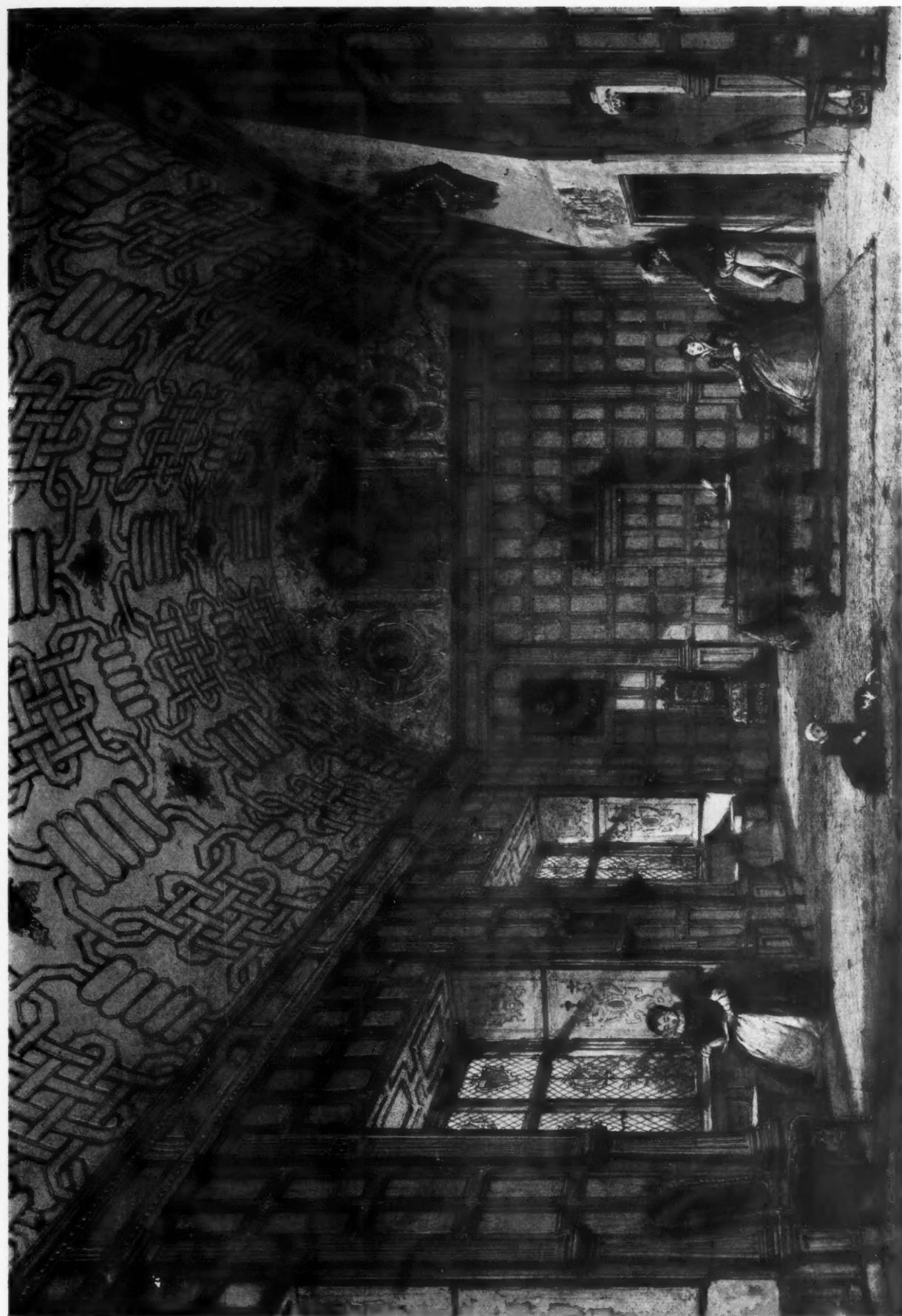
to receive Anne of Cleves. With him was Sir Richard Weston of Sutton, who had been Treasurer of Calais, an office which lapsed for a few years after his term, but was revived in 1540 in favour of Sir Edward Wotton. For the remaining eleven years of his life he was much at Calais, so much so that, although Henry VIII had appointed him one of the executors to carry on the government during the minority of Edward VI, he was not often at the Council meetings. But in 1549 he was in London and took part in the proceedings which ended in the beheading of Thomas Seymour, the admiral, in March, and that of Edward Seymour, the Protector, in November. Meanwhile his brother Nicholas had been active in diplomacy. His father had given him the living of Boughton Malherbe in 1517, and other benefices followed. But he was soon immersed in the legal side of Church work and was employed in forwarding Henry's divorce proceedings against Catherine. The Wottons certainly joined the Reformed Religion from conviction and not merely as servants of the King, and so no one was better fitted to be sent to the German princes in 1539 to form a league against the Emperor



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1.—THE WEST FRONT.
Showing the junction of the Henry VIII and Elizabethan portions.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



2.—THE ELIZABETHAN GREAT ROOM.

From Nash's "Mansions of England."



3.—PANEL SHOWING THE MOOR'S HEAD CREST OF THE WOTTONS.

4.—A SECTION OF THE WAINSCOTED ROOM.
Showing the position of the panels in Figs. 3 and 5.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and to negotiate the marriage of Henry with the Duke of Cleves' daughter. He reported that Holbein had painted Anne "very lyvely." He was with her when his brother Edward met her at Calais and both brothers accompanied her to England. But neither of them incurred the King's displeasure when the marriage proved an immediate failure. He pressed bishoprics upon Nicholas, who could never be persuaded to accept. But he became the first Dean of Canterbury, and to that, in 1544, was added the Deanery of York. The duties were not onerous, and this freedom combined with emolument permitted him to continue his diplomatic career. He was ambassador to France when Henry died, so that he, too, although also an executor, took small part at the Council table. Although home for a time, he was again in France when Mary succeeded Edward, and she continued him as ambassador there. Meanwhile his brother Edward had died and had been succeeded at Boughton Malherbe by Thomas. So far we have found the Wottons, whether their bent was commerce or affairs of State, men of action. But Thomas was essentially a thinker and a student. To us his most interesting trait was his collecting and binding of books, a subject dealt with by Mr. Hobson in a special article (page 577). The bindings, closely following those introduced and used by Grolier, were French in origin and probably in workmanship. Thomas Wotton was nineteen when his father became Treasurer of Calais in 1540, and a few years later his uncle Nicholas was ambassador to France. The intellectual life and art productions of that country would, therefore, be well known to the young man, whom we find in 1547 crossing to Calais as bearer of treasure for his father. So soon, therefore, as the family revenues were his he formed a library, and, as Mr. Hobson points out, the date 1552, which we find on some of the bindings, marks the year when the bulk of his books were acquired. But although he was a man "of great learning" and retiring disposition, yet he took his share in county business and local movements. Indeed, it would seem that only by rather drastic action was he saved from joining his neighbours in an attempt which cost its leaders their lives. On January 16th, 1554, Thomas Wotton was summoned before the Council, and on the 21st "for obstinate standing against matters of religion was committed to the Fleet to remain there a close prisoner." When we call to mind that his neighbour, Sir Thomas Wyatt of Allington



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5.—GOTHIC AND RENAISSANCE PANELS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—PROFILE HEADS IN RIBBONED WREATHS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—FINELY WROUGHT ENGLISH PANELS IN THE ITALIAN MANNER.

They occur over the doorway.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Castle, was then busily engaged in organising the rising of the Men of Kent against the marriage of Mary with Philip of Spain, we are not surprised to learn that there was a connection between Wotton's close incarceration and Wyatt's projected treason. Wyatts and Wottons will long have been knit by ties of vicinage, of public employ, of intellectual sympathy. When Edward died and when—after the few days of the Jane Grey reign—Mary was proclaimed Queen, neither of the young men, who were then the respective heads of the two families, took action, although Thomas Wotton's aunt was Jane Grey's grandmother. But the Wotton sympathies were with Protestantism and the French connection, as against Rome and the Spanish marriage. Quiet Thomas of Bocton, therefore, spurred on by the restless and venturesome

feigned Questions, as might give a colour for his Commitment into a favourable Prison; declaring, that he would acquaint her Majesty with the true reason of his request, when he should next become so happy as to see, and speak to her Majesty.

We are assured that "twas done as the *Dean* desired," and after the Wyatt affair was over Thomas

durst confess to his Uncle, when he returned into *England*, and then came to visit him in Prison, that he had more than an *intimation* of Wyatt's intentions; and thought he had not continued actually innocent, if his Uncle had not so happily dream'd him into a *Prison*.

The *Dean* then got him out of durance, and he retired to Boughton Malherbe and there resumed his student's life until Mary was succeeded by Elizabeth. Then he served as Sheriff of Kent, and might have gained a high place in the Royal councils had he been possessed of ambition. Thus Izaak Walton tells us that:

He had many invitations from Queen *Elizabeth* to change his Country Recreations and Retirement for a Court—offering him a Knighthood (he was then with him at his *Bocton-hall*) and that to be but an earnest of some more honourable and more profitable employment under Her; yet he humbly refused both, being a man of great modesty, of a most plain and single heart, of an ancient freedom, and integrity of mind.

But he was active in local affairs, serving again as sheriff in 1578 and for nearly thirty years being on all Kentish commissions of the peace, of piracy and of Dover Castle fortifications. He enlarged and beautified Boughton Malherbe in preparation for the Queen's visit in 1573, when, in July, she was on progress through Kent and took Boughton between her visits to the Bakers at Sissinghurst and the Tuftons at Hothfield. Izaak Walton, who knew it in the lifetime of his friend Sir Henry Wotton, calls it:

An ancient and goodly Structure, beautifying, and being beautified by the Parish Church of *Bocton Malherb* adjoining unto it; and both feated within a fair Park of the *Wottons*, on the Brow of such a Hill, as gives the advantage of a large Prospect, and of equal pleasure to all Beholders.

So much has been swept away that we cannot now reconstitute the picture. Much of the house was probably older than the time of Sir Edward, whose wainscoting we were discussing last week, and noticing that, while the vast majority were northern and Gothic in spirit, a few betokened an Italian parentage. That is especially true of the four pairs of profile heads now illustrated. The first two (Fig. 7) occur over the door



Copyright.

8.—PART OF AN ANCIENT ROOM.
Now the kitchen.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Thomas of Allington, may well have felt inclined to leave his books and gird on his sword. But he had friends possessed of as much prudence as influence, and the Fleet Prison was decided on as a fit place to ensure safety and cool rashness. It may, indeed, have happened as described by Izaak Walton in his *Life of Thomas Wotton's son Henry*, where we read:

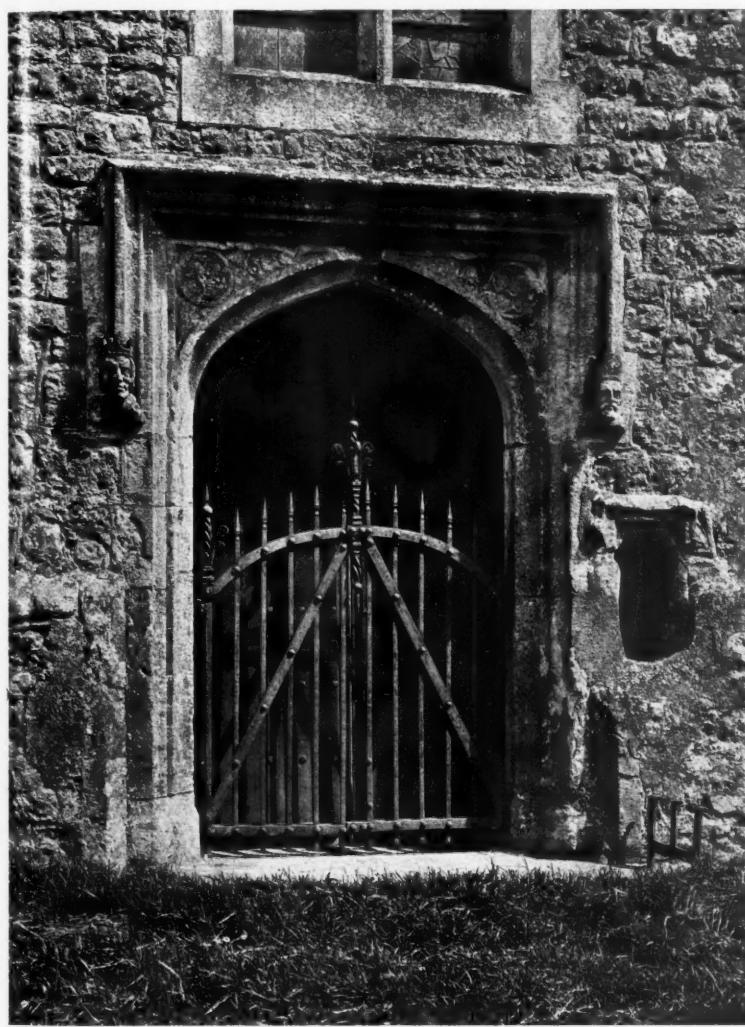
In the year of our Redemption, 1553, *Nicholas Wotton*, Dean of *Canterbury* being then Ambassador in *France*, dream'd, that his Nephew, this Thomas Wotton, was inclined to be a party in such a project, as, if he were not suddenly prevented, would turn both to the loss of his life, and ruin of his *Family*. . . . Upon these considerations, he resolved to use so prudent a remedy by way of prevention, as might introduce no great inconvenience either to himself or to his Nephew. And to this end, he wrote to the Queen ('twas Queen *Mary*) and besought her, that she would cause his nephew Thomas Wotton, to be sent for out of *Kent*: and, that the *Lords* of her *Council* might interrogate him in some such

and represent a warrior and an amazon in their helms. She is framed by a ribboned wreath, and, below, a knotted ribbon holds up a leaf scroll, while, above, other leaf scrolls emerge from an ox-head. A winged boy and a tasseled swag occupy the similar position above the warrior, while below him are curled leather thongs and leafage. On each side of these panels are others where Italian *motifs* are associated with curved ribs. The leather treatment which drew our attention last week is carried through, for it occurs not only in the ribs, but in the scrolls on which birds stand or those which terminate with dolphin heads. The other medallions have similar, but always varied decorative conceits about them. The dolphin recurs, but is not as insistent as it often was in the Italian "Antique Work," as Leland calls it, that our artificers copied under Henry VIII. It occurs in terra-cotta at Layer Marney, and

was much favoured by the Devonshire school of "kervers," who began introducing Renaissance ornament into their Church screens before the change in religion, and went on to decorate the houses of local laymen such as the Fulords. The Great Fulford panels, as we saw last week, are a few years later than those at Boughton Malherbe, but both are among the best finished of the English output, which is often exceedingly coarse. Sir Edward Wotton certainly employed a carver who appreciated balance and delicacy of design and had a hand that could skilfully interpret his brain. Perhaps his neatest idea was to use his patron's crest in one of the roundels. But to carry out his scheme of pairs, the dragon-winged Moor needed a Mrs. Moor as his *vis-à-vis*, and she has been supplied with an even more Ethiopian set of features than his own and with a delightful headdress which, surely again, is a representation of the leather-workers' art.

These Moors (Fig. 3) and a pair of very smart Europeans (Fig. 6) may be seen in position (Fig. 4) as four out of six panels on the fifth tier of a section of wainscoting which ended up

ceiling of small but involved ribs forming interlaced octagons, in the centre of which occur a sun in glory or a Tudor rose. It is of the type of English work that copied in plaster the wood ribs of Henry VIII's time, such as we see in the surviving Wolsey rooms at Hampton Court Palace. Although this ceiling occurs in what we have termed Sir Edward Wotton's building, it probably dates from the time of his son Thomas, who will be responsible for the southern half of the west wing of the old house. It is (Fig. 1) rather lower than the older northern half, has square-headed windows, and on it appears the date 1564. We judge, therefore, that Thomas Wotton built or reconstituted this building after the accession of Elizabeth had given him a sense of security which he had not felt under her Catholic sister. The upper part was a great room with a barrel ceiling, showing elaborate pilastered wainscoting and much the same plaster-work that we have found surviving downstairs. But the making of additional bedrooms to the farmhouse resulted in the destruction of all original interior features. They were, however, still surviving when the place was visited by Nash, who made



9.—THE WEST DOOR OF BOUGHTON MALHERBE CHURCH.

against the bay window and was therefore excellently lighted. In the tier below may be seen a panel, illustrated last week, where the curved rib design is associated with Renaissance dolphins and other Italian *motifs*, instead of with the vine leaf and fruit of all the other panels. Although there is much sameness in these, they have the slight variation which hand working yields, and also one distinct and rather amusing *motif* quite in the Gothic spirit. Look at the panel below the dolphin one we have just been glancing at, and you will see at its base the suggestion of a vineyard, indicated by a close palisade of wood within which, on a mound, grows a vine, represented by a single leaf and bunch of grapes. Rather differently treated, this subject recurs on the fireplace side of the room. The fire arch, shown last week, is of grey stone, no doubt an unpolished example of the local Betersden marble, and in the spandrels of the depressed arch are shields with various quarterings of the Wotton connections. A very similar fire arch was set in the large room below, now cut up, the main section being the farm kitchen (Fig. 8) and displaying a portion of an enriched plaster



10.—THOMAS WOTTON AND HIS ARMS IN THE CHURCH.

a drawing of the room (Fig. 2) which he included in the first series of his "Mansions of England," published in 1839. In the same year Henry Shaw also published his "Details of Elizabethan Architecture," which includes a description of this room and a measured drawing of the window side. We are told that the "embellishments" are in "the Italian style . . . various woods are imitated and much gilding is introduced." The room was about forty feet in length, and the walls, up to the spring of the ceiling, were 14½ ft. high. They were panelled throughout with painted wainscot. The beautiful coloured work on the shutters and pilasters he illustrated in detail. The space now cut up into kitchen and offices was then the parlour, where he notices the "badges of roses and suns in alternate panels of the ceiling," the same positions being occupied in the upstairs barrel ceiling by roses and fleurs-de-lys in cartouches, this work and the elaborately enlaced ribbing being coloured in blue and reddish brown on a white ground. Thus the whole room was a colour scheme and will have been one of the best English examples of an Early Renaissance

painted room, so that its destruction is very regrettable. Tradition has it that it was completed in expectation of Queen Elizabeth's visit in 1573. Thomas Wotton was then over fifty years old and had married a second time. His first wife had stood to him also in the relationship of a half-sister. After Dorothy Rede's death, Sir Edward had married the daughter of a man who, like Sir Edward's own ancestor, was a draper and Lord Mayor of London. Sir John Rudston ruled the City in 1528, and three years later died and was buried in St. Michael's, Cornhill, where, Strype tells us, there was still in 1720 "a proper Cloyster and a fair Churhyard with a Pulpit Crofs," and adds that :

Sir John Rudston, Maier, caused the same Pulpit Crofs, in his Lifetime, to be builded, the churhyard to be enlarged by Ground purchased of the next Parish, and also proper Houses to be raised for lodging of Quire men.

His wife was a daughter of Sir R. Dymoke, and after Rudston's death she wedded the Wotton widower, whose son Thomas after took to wife Elizabeth Rudston. By her he had five sons, and after her death he married again and had a sixth son, Henry Wotton, the well known ambassador and Provost of Eton. He it was who had a friend and biographer in Izaak Walton, whose description of Boughton we have been reading. Here Henry Wotton was born in 1568, and :

His Mother undertook to be Tutores unto him during much of his Childhood ; for whose care and pains, he paid her each day with such visible signs of future perfection in Learning, as turned her employment into a pleasing trouble : which the was content to continue, till his Father took him into his own particular care, and dispoſed of him to a Tutor in his own Houſe at *Boceton*.

Later he was sent to Winchester and thence to New College, Oxford. Before he left Oxford his father had died and Boughton had passed to his eldest half-brother Edward, twenty years his senior, whom Elizabeth made Comptroller of her Household and James I created Baron Wotton. Young Henry had means left to him that enabled him to complete his education by foreign travel. He crossed the Channel in 1589, and we know of his wanderings about Europe from his letters to his family. Returning to England in 1594, he entered the service of the Earl of Essex and accompanied him on his expeditions to Cadiz, to the Azores and to Ireland—a country which he found "savage and wanton" and whose people "wanted nothing more than to be kept in fear." Ireland proved the grave of Essex's reputation, as it has of many since his time. The treasonable acts which led to his execution in 1600 were not shared by Henry Wotton, but he felt himself in danger :

Therefore he did, so soon as the Earl was apprehended, very quickly, and as privately glide through *Kent* to *Dover*, without so much as looking toward his native and beloved *Boceton* ; and was by the help of favourable winds, and liberal payments to the Mariners, within fifteen hours after his departure from London, let upon the French shore.

The discretion which dictated this precipitate flight kept him away from England until the accession of James in 1603. The King knew and liked him, and during most of his reign employed him in various embassies, but more especially that of Venice. Returning home in 1624, he was given the Provostship of Eton, and there spent most of his old age. But there were not infrequent visits to his childhood's home.

He went usually once a year, if not oftener, to the beloved *Boceton Hall*, where he would say, *he found a cure for all cares, by the cheerful company*, which he called the living furniture of the place ; and a restoration of his strength by the *Co-naturalnes* of that which he called his genial air.

About the time when he became Provost of Eton, his brother, Lord Wotton, had died, and his nephew Thomas, the second baron, also passed away in 1630. It is, therefore, to his "ever truly honoured Lady and Niece" that he writes from Eton in July, 1639, that he is looking forward shortly to wait on her "in mine own genial air, your mansion house in Kent."

The visit did not take place, for it was a sick man that wrote this letter and four months later he breathed his last at Eton.

His nephew had left no son, but his eldest daughter, Katharine, to whom Boughton went, was a woman of strong character. She first married Lord Stanhope, son of the first Earl of Chesterfield, and their son became the second earl. Lord Stanhope died in 1634, and his widow became governess to Princess Mary, the daughter to Charles I and Henrietta Maria. Lady Stanhope's hand was sought by various suitors, among them Van Dyck, who is said to have injured his chances by charging too much for her portrait. When a marriage between the Princess and young William of Orange (father to the future William III) was suggested, there came to England from Holland as one of the negotiators John a Kerckhoven, the Dutch Chief Forester, and he proved the successful lover. He took his bride back with him to Holland in 1641, and there she remained during the period of the English Civil Wars, retaining a leading influence over the Princess and giving substantial aid to the exiled Charles II. The year of his Restoration coincided with Kerckhoven's death, so that it was a widow whom he rewarded for past help by making her Countess of Chesterfield for life. She thereupon married a strong supporter of the Stuarts in their evil days. Dan O'Neill had fought on the Royal side at Marston Moor and in Ireland, and was with Charles II in the expedition that ended badly at Worcester. After the Restoration he became Postmaster-General, married the lady of Boughton Malherbe, and there died and was buried in 1664. There also his widow was laid by his side three years later. Her successor in the property was her Kerckhoven son, in whose favour the Wotton barony had been revived. But he had no children and chose as his heir his younger half-nephew, Charles Stanhope, who, as Hasted tells us, "changed his surname to *Wotton* and resided at *Boughton-place*." There he died in 1704, and being also childless it went to his elder brother, the third Earl of Chesterfield. From him it passed to the fourth or "great" earl, whose building of Chesterfield House in Mayfair proved very expensive, as we saw by various of his letters (COUNTRY LIFE, February 25th). As the year 1750 is that when he will have been meeting some of the last and largest bills and also that when he sold the Boughton estate, we may conclude that the old Wotton home supplied part of the funds for the new London house. The new purchaser was Galfridus Mann, younger brother to Horace Walpole's lifelong correspondent. Thus, in a letter which the one Horace addresses to the other Horace in August, 1750, we read :

Your brother Gal. will, I suppose, be soon making improvements like the rest of the world : he has bought an estate in Kent called *Boceton Malherbe*, famous enough for having belonged to two men who, in my opinion, have very little title to fame, Sir Henry Wotton and my Lord Chesterfield.

We have seen how, two years later, Walpole and Chute, rambling about Kent, had had a peep at Boughton and found it only the remains of a house. It had, no doubt, been fast decaying since the Charles Stanhope who took the Wotton name died in 1704, and it is clear that Galfridus Mann did not improve it, but let it be, for Hasted, publishing the second volume of his History of Kent in 1782, tells us :

There are but small remains of the Mansion of Boughton-place left standing, the greatest part of it having been pulled down many years ago, and what is left of it is only sufficient for a farm house.

A hundred and forty more years have passed and a farmhouse it still is. Meanwhile it has suffered further losses. Gone are the Elizabethan drawing-room and the Henry VIII wainscoting. Yet the west front of the house and the tombs in the church still remain as memorials of a family "of an ancient freedom and integrity of mind."

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

VALE.

Eyes, heart and brain,
Here shall forget
The sun and rain ;

Wild grasses—wet
Leaves washed in dew
Let such regret.

With choicer tears,
And rarer grief
Than ours, a thing so brief
It lived its span of years
And still was new

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THOMAS WOTTON'S BINDINGS

By G. D. HOBSON.

THE fame of Thomas Wotton as a bibliophile is due chiefly to the motto found on some of the bindings executed for him, "Thomae Wottoni et amicorum" (see Figs. 1 and 4). It is the expression of a sentiment not uncommon in the sixteenth century. The great Rabelais, as well as humbler bookmen, wrote similar expressions on the fly leaves of their volumes, and at least four collectors, Jean Grolier, Thomas Maioli, Christopher Beneo of Milan and Marc Lauwin, seigneur of Watervliet, had them stamped in gold on their bindings. It is uncertain whether Wotton imitated any of these men, or simply adopted a motto current at the time, but his use of it has won him the title of "the English Grolier."

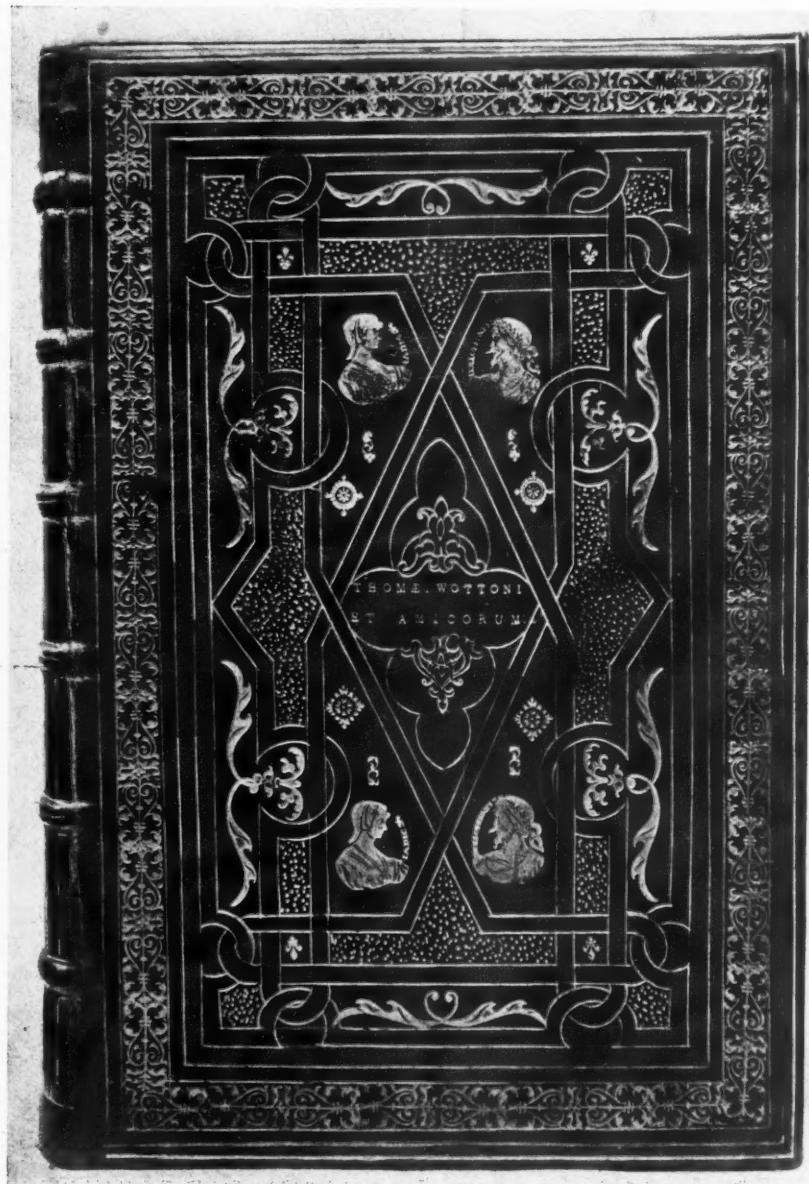
The bindings which bear this legend are of a very distinctive character. It is true that, like nearly all the fine bindings of the period, they are in brown calf, and that the decoration of the boards consists in a fillet, intertwined in an almost infinite variety of subtle and complex designs; but Wotton's bindings are peculiar in two respects: the fillet is always black, never coloured, and some of the compartments of the design formed by it are nearly always powdered with dots, though one of those illustrated (Fig. 2) has not this latter characteristic. Both peculiarities occur separately in other bindings; when found together they generally indicate a Wotton. But not all the bindings of this marked character bear the motto. Some are clearly identified with Wotton by the presence of his coat of arms with four quarterings painted in their proper heraldic colours (see Figs. 2 and 3); others merely bear the date 1552 (see Fig. 5); while there are others, again, of exactly similar decoration and workmanship which have neither date nor motto nor coat of arms. Yet it is certain that some of these bindings without distinguishing mark belonged to Wotton, for a portion of his library, which had been kept together and was sold at Sotheby's in April, 1919, contained several of them, side by side with others bearing the arms or the motto.

The surviving books bound in this manner, perhaps some thirty or forty in all, are remarkable rather for their covers than their contents. All are either in classical or foreign languages, nearly all were printed abroad, and all were published earlier than 1552,

the date which, as we have seen, is found on some of them. Their close resemblance suggests that they were all done about the same time and in the same workshop, and as Wotton would probably not bear his arms undifferenced before his father's death in November, 1551, when he succeeded to his estates, it would seem that these books were ordered *en bloc* in the following year, rather to make a brave show on the shelves at Boughton Malherbe, or as books that no gentleman's library should be without, than to satisfy the curiosity of a student or the ardour of a collector.

But however this may be, the bindings at all events are a notable achievement, and if, like La Fontaine's leopard, the books "n'ont que l'habit pour tous talents," their covers are dignified and beautiful, and in their rich and sober harmony far more pleasing than the gaudier colour schemes carried out for Continental collectors. Unfortunately, England cannot claim the credit of them, for it is almost certain that they were the work of French hands, not only from their general resemblance to the French bindings of the period, but also for the specific reason that medallions of Judith and Holofernes found on three of Wotton's handsomest volumes (see Fig. 1) are found also on a book bound for Francis I. But it is quite possible that the books were bought from an English bookseller and bound in London; if that be the case, we probably owe the bindings to some of the refugees who flocked into England at the accession of Edward VI. Mr. Gordon Duff, in "A Century of the English Book Trade," gives the names of no fewer than fifteen French binders who were at work in London about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Some of Wotton's other books, in simpler covers, though less decorative externally, are of greater intrinsic interest. For example, Sir William Patten's account, published in 1548, of Somerset's Campaign in Scotland in the previous year and of the battle of Pinkie, is notable both for its literary merit and as being the second in point of date of English printed military narratives. The binding, too, is remarkable, as it appears to be unique in bearing the arms painted within a simple rectangle of gold lines. Other books purchased probably before 1552 bear Wotton's motto and medallion heads of Dido and



1.—PLINY THE YOUNGER'S "HISTORIA MUNDI."
Printed at Basle, 1545. From the Chevening Collection.

Plato, or Tarquin and Lucrece, stamped in gold. There was a specimen of this type of binding in Lord Amherst of Hackney's library sold at Sotheby's in 1908-9, covering three tracts relating to Edward VI's settlement of the Church. Finally, for the decoration of his books purchased later in life, Wotton used a

large coat of arms with nine quarterings which he had stamped in gold on an otherwise unadorned cover. Several books bound in this way figured in the sale of April, 1919, including two most interesting manuscript volumes of the rent rolls of Wotton's estates in Kent, Bucks and Warwickshire.



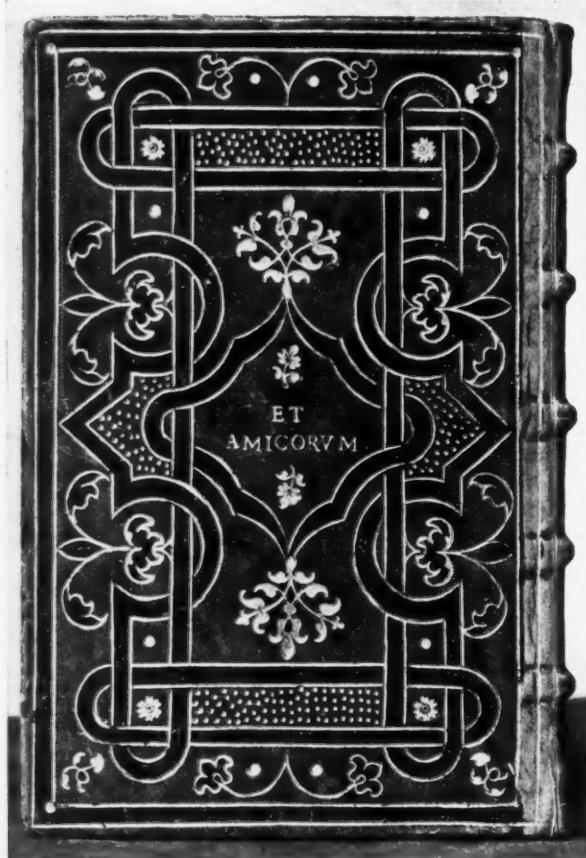
2.—OCHINO'S, PRIMACIE OF ROME.

Translated by Ponet. Printed at London, 1549. In the Collection of Col. H. H. Mulliner.



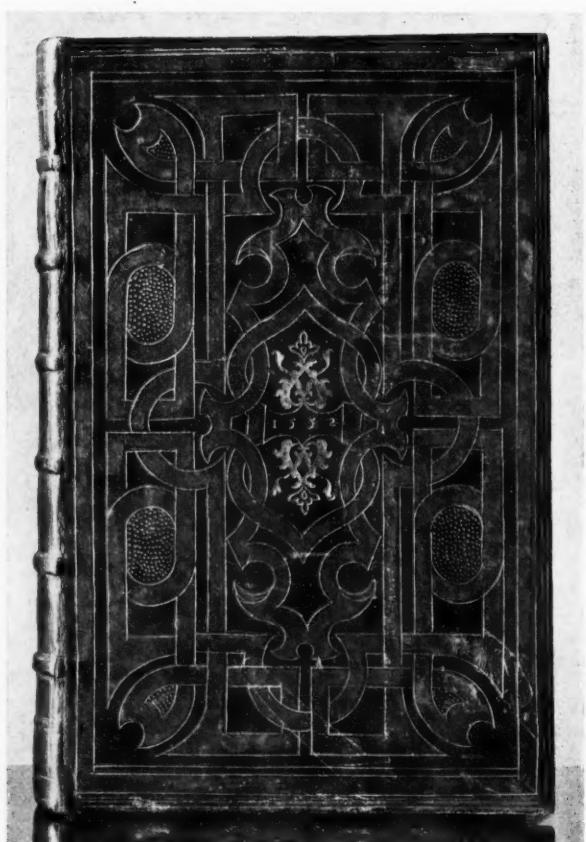
3.—PLINY THE YOUNGER'S "HISTORIA MUNDI."

Printed at Lyons, 1548. In the British Museum.



4.—CICERO'S QUESTIONS TUSCULANES.

Printed at Lyons, 1543.



5.—PAULUS AEMYLIUS: DE REBUS GESTIS FRANCORUM, 1552

From the Chevening Collection.

A VILLAGE IN ANJOU

BY MARY DUCLAUX.

La Parcellle 32, roman, par Ernest Pérochon. (Plon, Paris, 7frs.)
 LIFE in an Angevine village during the last year of the war—such is the theme of M. Ernest Pérochon's new novel. Tens of thousands of French readers, and, doubtless, some hundreds of English ones, read his last book "Neüe," which won the Prix Goncourt in December, 1920. That, too, was a simple village tale, not so strong or so convincing, I think, as this one, which is called *La Parcellle 32* (Lot No. 32).

M. Pérochon is a national schoolmaster in Anjou. Some time before the war his first book fell into my hands. It was called "Les Creux-de-Maisons" (village hovels or huts we might say), and pleased me much by its fresh and sad sincerity. I find that same quality in the volume which appears this April even more than in "Neüe," which is a charming rural tale with a female figure in it as pathetic as any in the rustic stories of Georges Sand. Neüe, the little maid of all work, who gives her whole heart and soul to the children of her widowed master, only to be cast adrift as a thing of no account on the morrow of his second marriage.

The central figure—or at least the figure which remains unforgettably imprinted on the reader's mind in this new book, *La Parcellle 32*—is not in the least romantic or appealing. It is the portrait of a young lad of sixteen, one Bernard Mazureau. His father has been killed in the trenches, and he is an *orphelin de guerre*, a ward of the State, with a pension and a position which make him independent of his family. His mother has left the land to work in a large town; indeed, his father had already done so on the eve of the war, selling the few acres which came to him as his inheritance on the death of Bernard's grandmother. But in the lad's heart there flares up the ancestral love of the land; he leaves his mother in Nantes in order to live with his old grandfather on a small holding in Anjou, a small holding now which three generations ago had been a considerable farm. The division of property and the rush from the land into the towns have shorn it of its glory; but the sole aim and object of Bernard and his grandfather is to buy back the fields that careless hands have scattered and to restore the integrity of their family estate.

A noble ambition. Yet the portrait of Bernard is a portentous image. The lad belongs to that sacrificed generation which grew from childhood through boyhood with their fathers and schoolmasters on the front, their mothers working in the fields and in the factories. They flourished like wild things, practical, alert, keen and resolute, obliged to fend for themselves, and in their young alacrity they seemed pleasing and promising. We did not remark that they had thrived like the tares of the field, without a discipline and without an ideal, fighting each for his own hand. Their elders, straining every nerve in a great task, had been too much occupied to train the heart of these children, to elevate their soul, or even to teach them the common duties of that social order in which the elder generations all are implicated by the most secret fibres of their being. Bernard is clever, enduring, tenacious, strong; socially and morally he is uncivilised. His hand, like Ishmael's, is against every man and toils relentlessly in his own sole interest. Had Bernard remained in his mother's house at Nantes he would have become an Apache or an Anarchist. But he went back to the land, and, rising sixteen, he is in a fair way to become a prosperous peasant-owner. He has no scruples; he respects nothing save his own will and his own pride.

His old grandsire, Farmer Mazureau, as hard-working and as arrogant as he is—a tyrant, too, especially with his woman-kind—is sure of his prerogative as King Lear in his palmy days. But old Mazureau, dour as he is, knows right from wrong. Headstrong and violent though he be, above his own desire he sets the law. He is honest, respects the rules of his trade. When Bernard waters the milk, displaces his neighbour's landmark, writes anonymous letters, something seems to give way in the inmost heart of the stern old Protestant (for Mazureau, like so many farmers in Poitou and Anjou, is a Protestant), and in a dire dismay he fears for the future of his darling: "il n'est pas juste!" And can the unrighteous prosper? It is a terrible doubt.

Righteous and unrighteous, they all prosper in the Angevine village which M. Pérochon shows us, for the scene is laid in the year 1918, when prices rose with leaps and bounds—and still were to rise for two good years more—while the country was a very land of Canaan. The milk sells for ninepence a litre, and a pair of young beasts fetch eight thousand francs

on the market. Only they do not fetch good money, coin of the realm, *sonnante et trébuchante*. The farmers of France have no great liking for small banknotes, dimly they remember the fate of the *assignats* some sixscore years and more gone by. Neither do they love State loans. Each and all of them would buy land. In their eyes it is the only safe and profitable investment. But the price of land has risen in proportion to the price of milk and vegetables and cattle. The farmers are rich so long as, living off the produce of their fields and stock, they sell at a fancy price and buy nothing. But once they put their hands in their pockets with the intention of paying they lose the advantages of their position. Yet land they will have, cost what it may, though they give eight thousand francs for a little corner of meadowland which would have cost twelve hundred before the war. Land they will have, though (as M. Daniel Halévy showed us last summer in his "Visites aux Paysans du Centre") when they have got it they cannot always use it owing to the scarcity of hired labour. Of the million and a half of Frenchmen who fell in the war how many were peasants? Of those who returned safe and sound, how many have taken to the towns? The labourer to-day is a rare bird, and if you put salt on his tail you will find that he no longer sings a song for sixpence. Twenty years ago he earned between five and six hundred francs in annual wages; to-day he asks nearer six thousand if he be a skilled man at his trade.

But in spite of all, the peasant's one desire is to add acre to acre, field to field. Now Lot 32 is a promising slope of land of several acres. The theme of M. Pérochon's novel is the tissue of varied ambitions, intrigues, desires, that envelops this coveted morsel. Finally Bernard and his grandfather carry off the prize, but the old man dies of his effort and his triumph, leaving Bernard sole conqueror of the glebe, a village Napoleon. And we, too, tremble for his future, remembering that which Fate generally reserves for those who offend by excess of *ibpis*; we tremble, that is, for his future if he fail—for ours if he succeed.

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Memoirs of the Memorable, by Sir James Denham. (Hutchinson, 18s.)

SIR JAMES DENHAM, in the course of a long life, has met many interesting people and has had insight to pick up many amusing and a few significant sayings. A good example is to be found in his note on a conversation with Lord Byron about his famous ancestor, the poet. Lord Byron had been saying that "the poet was a sad man; there was no gladness in his life," when Sir James said: "Stop, what about the glory of inspiration?" The answer he received throws light on the Byronic method of composition:

"I do not suppose that any great poet has left less evidence or trace of that joy than Byron; and if you criticize his own manuscripts of passages which are now immortal, you will find such corrections and such counter-corrections that, if there be any gladness in the matter, it must have been suggested rather by the success of his after-annotations than by the original, which was so widely different."

Of the country-house stories told by Sir James one of the best is that of a man who was wanted to play bridge, "but he, being squifly, yearned for his bed." He not only yearned for it, but went to it. When he had gone away his three friends vainly sought for a man to make a fourth in the party, and, failing, they went to his bedroom door intending to force him to play. He was on his knees, and this was his prayer:

"O Lord, I do beseech Thee to grant me a competency; and lest Thou shouldst not know what a competency is, it is £3,000 a year, paid quarterly in advance."

That is more interesting than the observation which the author makes about each of the three greatest men of his day having a house the name of which began with an H—Hatfield for Salisbury, Hawarden for Gladstone and Hughenden for Beaconsfield. Still even more wonderful to relate is the fact that the two great political antagonists at the time both lived at a town address with a C in it, Beaconsfield in Curzon Street and Gladstone in Carlton House Terrace. Here is a conversation with Beaconsfield which cries aloud for immortality:

"He halted for a moment, gave me a quick look and said, 'Lord Houghton tells me that you are a young poet. You must travel, and when you have done travelling you must travel again. Go south, go east. The East is the land for poets.' And with that the great statesman slightly bent and passed on to other thoughts and greater men. 'He said more to you than he'd say to most,' said Lord Houghton's kindly voice in my ear."

It will be seen that the grave and the gay, the profound and the superficial mingle and mangle, as it were, in these "Memoirs of the Memorable."

The Oxford University Press, 1468-1921. (Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 5s.)

MANY who are too modest to call themselves learned will be glad to possess the record of the Oxford University Press which has just been issued at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. Everything has a significance of its own in the Press, and the general reader's attention will probably be struck by the use of the imprint, because the imprints

of the University Press are various, but each has its definite meaning and use. The imprint on this book, "Oxford at the Clarendon Press," is a printer's imprint and it is confined to books printed at Oxford; but this original application has been considerably extended and means that such books are not only printed at Oxford, but they are also published *auctoritate Universitatis*, their contents as well as their form being certified by the University, acting through the delegates of the Press. It is the "hall-mark" of Oxford printing, and it has occasionally been solicited and accorded for works of learning produced under the patronage of Government or of learned societies within the Empire and the United States of America. The imprint "Oxford University Press: London, Humphrey Milford" is a sign that the delegates assume for the work a less particular responsibility. Two pages are given in the book to show the older imprints, the first being the colophon to the *Commentary on the Apostles' Creed* attributed to St. Jerome, published in 1478. Four of the founders are shown among the illustrations. They are Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite; Archbishop Laud, looking very much the scholar as well as the ecclesiastic; Dr. John Fell, Dean of Christ-church and Bishop of Oxford, whose face well accords with the fame he earned as artist, scholar and clergyman. The fourth is Edward Hyde, the famous Earl of Clarendon. They are four noble portraits that accord well with the reproductions of the Oxford University arms, the ancient oak frames in one of the composing rooms and the many other links that unite the learned centre of the past with the wide and influential organisation into which it has now grown.

Chapters from Turf History, by "Newmarket." (National Review Office, 10s. 6d.)

WITH the growth of the Sporting Press, the institution of starting-price offices with their telegraphic codes and telephone lines, and the tremendous increase in the number of meetings now held, the whole aspect of the Turf has changed. But the principal difference is in the great men. What owner nowadays would dream of standing to win £150,000 on his own horse at the Derby, or who to call his net winnings by betting in a single year £100,000? Yet Lord George Bentinck is recorded to have performed both. The author of these chapters writes as one of the old school, whose stately yet vivid sentences are seasoned with appropriate Alexandrines and an Addisonian acquaintance with the authors of antiquity. He fits his style to match the age of which he tells, the golden age of horse racing, namely, 1800 to 1860, approximately; when Cabinet meetings could be postponed for race meetings, and instructions to a trainer take precedence in the Ministerial mind over those to a plenipotentiary. Yet to-day, though Horace is booed by Labour Members, and business of state is no longer of that accommodating nature which will "keep to to-morrow," racing none the less is far more popular, in the strict sense of the word, than ever before, and at the same time attracts, with all its old glamour, the highest as well as the lowest in the land. From the days of the Marques of Rockingham and the Duke of Grafton, through the period of Lord Eglinton and of Lord George Bentinck, of that incorrigible *farceur* Palmerston—Puritan on the Treasury Bench and partisan in the Lobby—past the days of John Gully, pugilist and politician, and Disraeli who loved racing in the abstract, though blissfully ignorant of its true philosophy, to our own times we hear much of the connection of Government and Turf in this slender and well produced little book, of which this connection is the nominal though unexpressed theme. Bismarck once said to Disraeli: "There will never be socialism in England so long as there is horse racing." Our author remarks of this: "Alas, for the infirmity of political vision!" But for "horse

racing" substitute "the sporting instinct," and the great Chancellor, who really meant that, may be right after all.

The Red House Mystery, by A. A. Milne. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. MILNE has written a detective story, not about a real detective with a tendency to lurk round corners and wearing wrong kind of hat, but about an amateur detective who was, as well, a very jolly person; consequently, and as one might expect, it is a very jolly story. Antony Gillingham—that was his nice name—was certainly very lucky—beginner's luck, I expect the "old hands from Scotland Yard" would have called it—for he happened to be in the very act of coming up the Red House drive when the shot rang out, and he had not even to wait to ring the bell, for when he looked in through the open front door there was Cayley, cousin and secretary to the owner of the Red House, pounding on a locked door and entreating someone inside, who did not respond, to open it. It was Gillingham, too, who, with Cayley, ran round to the French windows and burst in and picked up the dead body, for, though it came rather as a shock to me in a story by "A. A. M.," there really was a body and it really had been murdered, Gillingham and his friend, Bill Beverley, who happened to be staying in the house and acted an excellent Watson to his Holmes, take the affair so lightly and with such a pleasant humour that murderer-hunting loses in their hands all sinister, gruesome and morbid characteristics and becomes a first-rate holiday amusement. You almost feel that any really enterprising seaside place might advertise it among the "attractions." All this, of course, is wrong. Murder and murderer-hunting are a loathly business, and the fact that Mr. Milne with his charming manner makes them seem so enjoyable shakes one's belief in the whole affair. As a matter of fact I should not have been in the least surprised if, still smiling and very slick, he had told me in the end that there never had been a murder or a dead body, that it had just been his cleverness, and my stupidity in conjunction, that made me think so. What he actually did tell me in the end surprised me just as much. So Mr. Milne scores.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

The Charles Men, translated from the Swedish of Verner von Heidenstam by Charles Wharton Stork. (Milford, 22s.)
Michael Field, by Mary Sturgeon. (Harrap, 6s.)
A New Medley of Memories, by the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair, Bart. (Arnold, 16s.)
Official History of New Zealand's Effort in the Great War.—Vol. II. France, by Colonel H. Stewart. (Whitcombe and Tombs, 9s.)
Mes Tribulations en Russie Soviétique, by Victor Chernov. Jashke, 2s. 6d.)
The Cuckoo's Secret, by Edgar Chance. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 7s. 6d.)
My Life and a Few Yarns, by Vice-Admiral H. L. Fleet. (Allen and Unwin, 15s.)

FICTION.

Mr. Prohac, by Arnold Bennett. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)
The Return, by Walter de la Mare. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)
Heather Mixture, by "Klaxon." (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.)

POETRY.

Selected Poems of John Drinkwater. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.)
Poems from Punch, 1920—1920; with an Introduction by W. B. Drayton Henderson. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

MRS. PEPYS

BY ISABEL BUTCHART.

SUCH was my ignorance that I had always imagined Mrs. Pepys as an oppressed and depressed household drudge, of unvarying middle-age. Yet the truth is that at the time of her marriage she was a young girl as beautiful as her name, Elizabeth St. Michel (the soft French pronunciation, her father being a Huguenot refugee), and there are many hints in the famous Diary that her beauty held even her husband's roving eye year after year. "Called upon Doll," he writes, "for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon to match the petticoat my wife bought yesterday, which cost me twenty shillings; but she is so pretty that, God forgive me! I could not think it too much." And again: "Among all the beauties there my wife was the greatest," he writes complacently.

As for her age, she was fifteen when she married, only nineteen when the Diary was begun, twenty-nine when it ended, and she died at thirty. During the years we hear most about her she was only a girl (according to modern ideas), warm-hearted, energetic, quarrelsome, sociable, and a competent young house-keeper as far as her fussy little husband allowed her to be. He kept most of the housekeeping arrangements in his own hands. "I caused the girl to wash the wainscot of our parlour, which she did very well," we read. And, "Dined with my wife upon a most excellent dish of tripe of my own directing, covered with mustard."

But in the more ignoble details of housekeeping Mrs. Pepys had freer scope. "My wife killed her turkeys . . . and could not get her maid Jane to kill anything at any time." Also "My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning and went to market and bought fowls and many other things for dinner."

Mr. Pepys, as became a pompous (and quite important) little man of the world, tut-tutted his wife into the background of his life, but he was always intensely aware of her. He might slight her for the look of the thing, she might ignore him from

temper—but on neither side was there indifference. And between their tiffs and sulking were many hours of peaceful companionship.

Talking with my wife in whom I never had greater content, blessed be God! than now—she continuing with the same care and thrift and innocence, so long as I keep her from occasions of being otherwise (*O Mr. Pepys!*), as ever she was in her life, and keeps the house as well.

Examining part of my sea-manuscript with great pleasure, my wife sitting by me.

So after some contentful talk, she to bed and I to rest.

And being in all circumstances highly pleased, and in my wife's riding and good company at this time, I rode, and she showed me the river behind my father's house, which is very pleasant, and so saw her home, and I straight to Huntingdon.

Mrs. Pepys complained of loneliness ("she, poor wretch, is troubled with her lonely life"), and demanded "a gentlewoman." Her husband felt that he could not afford this luxury at the time, but gave way. "I confess, the gentlewoman, being pretty handsome and singing, makes me have a good mind to her." Later: "I shall take great delight in her."

Mrs. Pepys would have dancing lessons and Mr. Pepys paid quite sweet-temperedly for them until: "A little angry with my wife for minding nothing now but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is folly."

Then Madam would learn to draw. "Yesterday begun my wife to learn to limn of one Browne . . . I think she will do very fine things." Two days later: "My wife's painting-master stayed and dined."

A year later: "Had a great fray with my wife about Browne's coming to teach her to paint, and sitting with me at

table, which I will not yield to. I do thoroughly believe she means no hurt in it ; but very angry we were." If one Browne had been coming to the house for a year twice a week, as he seems to have done at first, we may for once give Pepys credit for a certain amount of patience before the fray showed that he intended to have his wife's whole attention at meal-times.

But the next evening, "it being a very fine moonshine," they were singing amicably in the garden (with the gentlewoman) "till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbours, by their casements' opening," and we must hope that the next day was not a washing day, when "my wife called up her people . . . at four o'clock in the morning."

Madam would have singing lessons. "At noon home, and there find Mr. Goodgroom, whose teaching of my wife only by singing over and over again to her, and letting her sing with him, not by herself to correct her faults, I do not like at all, but was angry at it."

Whether there were a more thoughtful side to Mrs. Pepys' nature we shall never know. Her husband, with all his shrewdness, was not the man to notice the subtler shades of a woman's nature.

Her jealousy made his life a burden at times—as indeed he deserved it should do—and his unreasonableness must sometimes have exasperated her beyond endurance.

Home, and found all well, only myself somewhat vexed at my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarfe, waistcoate and night-dressings in the

coach, to-day . . . though, I confess, she did give them to me to look after.

Unfortunately, towards the end of the Diary the frays became more violent and more serious, but even then they never lasted very long. "And so to bed, weeping to myself for grief, which she discerning, come to bed and mighty kind."

Again :

And thus endeth this month, with many different days of sadness and mirth, from differences between me and my wife ; but this night we are at present very kind. And so ends this month.

It was not a perfect marriage, but certainly it was not all bitterness.

The last page of the Diary shows them spending the evening "on the water . . . as high as Chelsea . . . my wife and I singing to my great content."

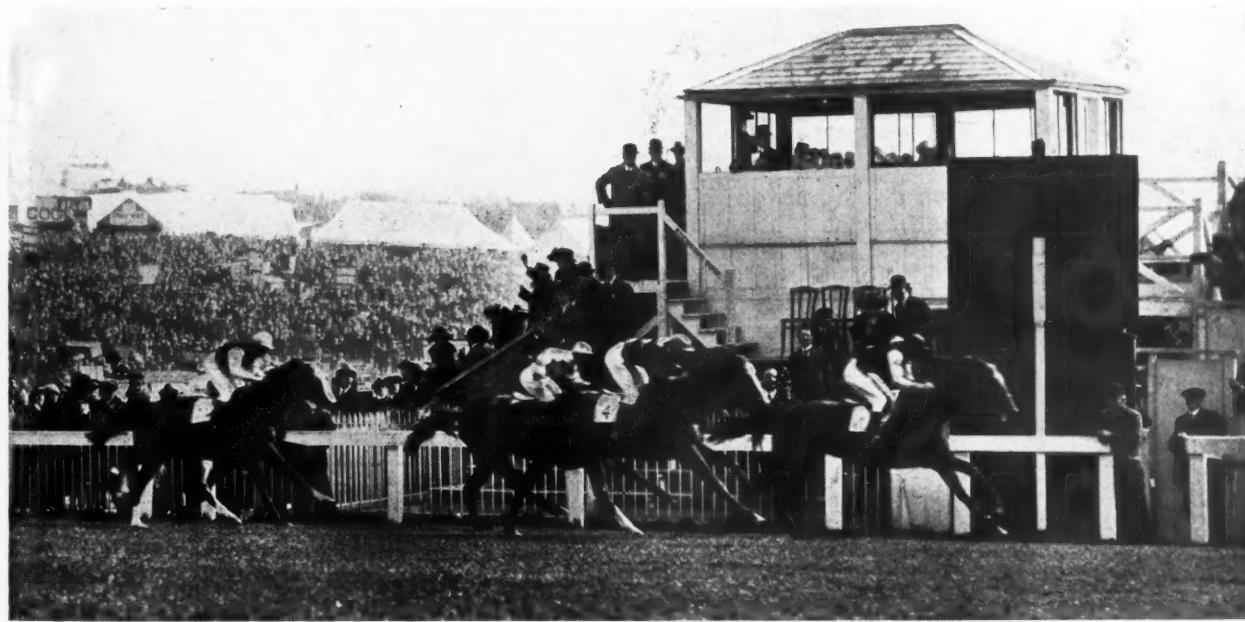
And thus (concludes poor Pepys, a day or two later) ends all that I doubt I ever shall be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer . . . and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand. . . .

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave ; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me !

And I hope that in those darkening days Mrs. Pepys was tender and considerate to her faulty, good-hearted, irascible little husband.

TWO REMARKABLE BROOD MARES

FATE OF SOME HIGH PRICED YEARLINGS



W. A. Rouch.

PARAGON WINNING THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

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TWO most interesting brood mares were brought into prominence by last week-end's racing at Sandown Park. I have in mind the wins of Silver Urn in the race for the Esher Cup, which was a mile handicap for three year olds, and of Soubriquet in the race for the Tudor Stakes, an event of some importance for horses now three years old which were maidens at the time of closing the entry. First as to Queen Silver, which I regard as a most interesting character among brood mares. She was bred by the late Major Jocey, being foaled in 1906, by Queen's Birthday from Sterling Balm, by Friar's Balsam. She was small, and I do not think she was very much good for racing so that she was early put to the stud. It was when she was running in a paddock at Mr. B. W. Parr's farm in Ireland that her owner practically gave her away to Mr. Parr. Neither, of course, had the vaguest notion that she was going to turn out such a wonder as a brood mare. Her first mate was a horse called St. Primus, full of St. Simon blood, and she proved to be barren.

Again there was an alliance with the same horse, and the produce was Silver Balm, a horse that Mr. Persse, the trainer, did very well with and finally sold to India where it won races. Then came to Zria, also a St. Simon horse, Silver Ring, which turned out to be a high-class steeplechaser and was sold for a big figure to Lord Woolavington. The foal in 1913 was a filly by Captivation named Silver Cup, and I believe she was a winner,

and in the following year came a good one in Silver Saint by St. Gris. The foal of 1915 was by Bridge of Earn and was named Silver Bridge. She won the Newbury Cup. The following year she was barren to Juggernaut, but in 1917 came Silver Jug by that sire. She won nice races and was sold for a very big figure to go to India. Silver Image, also by Juggernaut, came in 1918, and we saw that he was unlucky last week at Epsom in the race for the City and Suburban by losing some lengths at the start and then finishing a good fourth. Silver Image was one of those—if not the only one from the mare—that have won as two year olds. He is a smart horse that must have a chance for the Jubilee Handicap, which is to be decided at the end of next week. Continuing the story of this remarkable mare, I may add that her foal of 1919 was also by Juggernaut, and is now known as Silver Urn, the Esher Cup winner. She won under a light weight, but will do better than this. Breeders and those interested in the thoroughbred must be struck by the consistency of the little mare, and how she has responded to matings with horses of the direct St. Simon line of blood.

There is some magic in the word "Silver" as associated with the two mares I am discussing. Take now the case of Silver Fowl, the property of Sir Edward Hulton, for whom she has bred a succession of very high-class horses with a moderate one or two. She was bred by Mr. D. Shanahan in Ireland in 1904, being by Wildfowler, winner of the St. Leger, from L'Argent, by

Jacobite out of Aura by Umpire. In due course she came into the possession of Sir Edward Hulton at the time when he first came into prominence as an owner on the Turf and when his horses were trained at Epsom by Richard Wootton. The first of the mare's progeny was by Mintagon, a horse that won the Cesarewitch. It was a colt named Silver Coin and was sent to America. Then came Silverzin, by the speedy French bred horse Mauvezin, that won the Stewards' Cup. It was, however, when the mare was mated with Mr. Jack Joel's rare old horse Sundridge that Silver Fowl produced her first high-class winner. This was Silver Tag. As a three year old she won the Cambridgeshire, carrying the big weight for one of her age of 8st. 3lb. The 1913 foal was a chestnut filly which afterwards as Fifinella made history by winning both the New Derby and the New Oaks which were run at Newmarket in the second year of the war. She was the outcome of mating with the great Polymelus. Silver Wand, a bay filly by Lonawand, followed, and she won as a two year old, while to the same horse Silvanite came in the following year.

Sabian, by Sunstar, was the produce in 1916, and it is rather extraordinary that he should have broken a leg at Sandown Park last week on the same afternoon as Soubriquet was successful. He was a good-looking horse of the chestnut colour which characterised most of her progeny, but he sank to "selling plates" and altogether was given a most strenuous time. Such is the fate of the poor selling plater. A grand colt was foaled from the mare in 1917, the sire being Polymelus. Thus Silvern was own brother to Fifinella, but there was not much resemblance. The colt was a strong and rather short-coupled bay of very fine quality, and there is no doubt he was a high-class horse. He

positively embarrassing as sands on the sea shore. One envied Lord Glanely that morning at Doncaster when he kept nodding his head, in bids of hundreds while the figure was passing into five figures and rapidly travelling on, just as if he liked it. All the world's limelight was turned on him then. Two years make a deal of difference in the life of a racehorse, and, of course, values have dropped from the inflated and ridiculous height to which they had been exalted by the men with the heavy money bags. It was Lord Glanely, who, on the occasion referred to, gave the world's record price for a yearling of 14,500 guineas. He named it Blue Ensign, and the Merchant Service must regret that he has not proved more worthy of their flag. He has been seen out once on a racecourse, which was as a three year old, at the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, and he came in an inglorious last after getting rid of his jockey at the post. He may never be heard of again on the racecourse, as he seems to be banished to his owner's stud at Danebury. Breeders will scarcely wish to use him as a stallion in the circumstances, and altogether he represents, up to the present, a quite deplorable failure.

The second highest price at those memorable sales was 9,600 guineas paid on behalf of Mr. James White for the colt by Tetrarch from Honora (the dam of Lemonora), which he named Noblesse Oblige. Nothing has been seen of this one in public, which makes one rather dubious as to his well-being, for his present trainer, Mr. Cottrill, is not the man to keep good horses in the stable to look at. He may be far from being a hopeless proposition for racing, but time is getting on and his name has not been seriously mentioned in connection with the classic races. There is much significance

in that fact. Then one recalls Mr. Joe Shepherd going to the tremendous figure of 9,400 guineas for the brown colt by Tracery from Port Sunlight, bred by Sir Gilbert Greenall. We know rather more about this one as he has been seen out twice during the present season, on both occasions failing to give satisfaction. His action is not good and he quite failed to show up among some moderate maiden horses at Kempton Park the other day.

Viscount Lascelles gave as much as 6,800 guineas for the filly by Charles O'Malley from Stolen Kiss which he caused to be named Miss Dashwood. She ran six times as a two year old without winning, although showing some promise, but as a racehorse she has so far proved a failure. Her breeding makes her valuable for the stud, and no doubt Lord Lascelles had this in mind when he was persuaded to go to such a big figure. The filly, I may add, is now trained by Mr. Marsh, the King's trainer, at Egerton House, Newmarket. Mr. Hatry, who seems to have dropped quite out of racing, is returned as the buyer of a colt by Bachelor's Double from Adalia. What has become of it?

I half expect that we shall have seen out at Newmarket this week, in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, Lord Queenborough's colt named St. Louis, by Louvois from Princess Sterling, for which Mr. Gilpin on his behalf gave 2,600 guineas as a yearling. It has been stated for some time past that this is a colt of promise. We shall soon know, even if we do not immediately acquire any definite knowledge.

Of course, one could write columns on this most interesting subject of yearling buying and the lottery of it all, but I must forbear except once more to point the moral that mere weight of money will not buy and guarantee the best racehorses. It may be a big help, no doubt, but we have seen it useless even when yoked to the best of judgment and experience.

The Victoria Cup, an important seven furlong handicap, is due to be decided this week-end at Hurst Park, and in point of class it bids fair to exceed what after all was a very tame race for the City and Suburban. Paragon, a horse of extraordinary speed out of the starting machine just as The Tetrarch was, will not come into calculations here as he is not entered. We are promised, however, a view of Leighton, while Roman Bachelor is to reappear for the first time since he ran third to Granely for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Can Leighton give 4lb. to the other one? The point is open to some doubt, as quite possibly Roman Bachelor may be better at seven furlongs than at a mile. My own predilection is for Leighton, of whom we may not have seen the best yet. At the same time he has been given a lot to do for there is no question of lenient handicapping. I have no fancy for the five-furlong horse, Fiddle de Dee, and I doubt whether Monarch will run either here or in the Jubilee. Pharmacie is likely to give way to Leighton in the same stable, and I suppose there are possibilities about Black Gown. I do not fancy Evander on this course and at this distance, while Polydipsia is not, I think, likely to repeat his win in the race of last year. Either of the top weights, Leighton and Roman Bachelor, will be very hard to beat.

PHILIPPOS.

W. A. Rouch.

PARAGON, BY RADIUM—QUINTESSENCE.

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finished second for the St. Leger and as a four year old he won the Coronation Cup at Epsom, being now located as a sire at the National Stud, for which he was acquired at a sum which was understood to be £12,000. Sirrah, by Swynford from Silver Fowl, was ever a good-looking horse, though he has never fulfilled his promise. However, he ranks as a winner both on the flat and over hurdles. So now we have the mare's three year old in Soubriquet, a filly of perfectly charming quality by Lemberg which, of course, was a Derby winner. Soubriquet is a chestnut of medium size and delightful balance. She showed excellent action and to win as she did at Sandown under difficulties stamps her as one out of the common. Surely Silver Fowl's record is quite astonishing, and think what riches she has represented to her fortunate owner! Sir Edward Hulton's breeding interests are going strong at the moment. The sires at his stud—Torloisk, Stornoway and Lonawand—are doing very well indeed. Naturally, the breeder must be most gratified in such circumstances, for successful sires mean a revenue that is a big help to the man who does not want a delightful hobby to be made too expensive in these somewhat difficult times.

When reflecting the other day that Paragon, the winner of the City and Suburban Handicap, only cost Sir Ernest Paget 720 guineas as a yearling at the time when the late Lord Falmouth's horses were dispersed, I was led to comparing the immense bargain he represents with some of the melancholy failures among the high-priced yearlings of two years ago, at a time when buyers seemed to go mad and when money appeared to be as plentiful and as



A NEW ORATORIO

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE EARS TO HEAR.



STAINED GLASS PANELS COMMEMORATING THE COLLECTIVE ENDOWMENT OF BEDS.

A FEW yards from the Ritz there is a mystery house. Till a week or two ago it was empty, and then, on a March morning, it was suddenly astir, full of the bustle and jumbled notes of a great orchestra assembling and tuning up. The sounds, to those that heard them, served but to increase their perplexity, for it was clear that no musicians, in the strict sense of the term, had entered the house. Those who had watched the door said that none but ordinary men and women had gone in; some few carrying attaché cases, and others typewriters, with a duplicator or two, and a number of ladies in flowing cloaks—perhaps hospital nurses; but that was all. Everything was so secret; consultations, and there seemed to be many, were held in whispers, instructions must have been given by signs for all that the men in the street could hear of them, and even the typewriters were muffled. Perhaps you have noticed the house yourself, and wondered what great work was toward within it. I dare say you never guessed that the Combined Public Appeal undertaken by King Edward's Hospital Fund is being rehearsed and organised there. So! the cat is out of the bag. But it is a fine piece of organisation—this great symphony of Appeal. All the Metropolitan hospitals have agreed to leave off singing their own pathetic songs and "complaints of love" in order to learn each their individual part in this vast oratorio. Somebody, the other day, showed me a sketch of the work, in which the various motifs were set forth. The first movement opens with an *andante* for the Press trumpets, in which the main theme is given and variated—a theme representing the great and increasing work that our hospitals are doing, and the terrible straits to which they are reduced. Then follows an *agitato* passage for the chorus of hospitals, in which the urgent need of help is developed; an unaccompanied *mo et* displays the despair to which the hospitals are reduced if help is not forthcoming, and is contrasted with a variation of the same theme taken up by the bassoons and double basses, representing pauperised taxpayers and systematic selfishness. These latter, however, are drowned by the re-entry of the trumpets, coming to the support of the hospitals, and bringing the first movement to an end. We do not propose to describe the entire score, but there is a particularly effective *allegro* in the second movement given to successive duets and trios of local authorities, repeated by the brass and tympani of the advertisers. The last movement is an opening of the purse strings, after which the themes are re-allotted to the various hospitals, combining into a great chorus of rejoicing and thankfulness, and the work concludes *alla marcia* in a profusion of notes, with a glorious vision of old scores wiped out and State aid in the future.

At least, that is how it is hoped it will end, and as people, one feels, however impoverished they are, will make it to end, somehow. It is not only to individuals that the appeal is being made. Practical experience in all matters in which goodness of any kind is concerned has proved that people in any kind of society, where they have reputations to make or maintain, are far more exemplary, so far as externals go, than if they are cut off from all human inspection or criticism. We gaily

acknowledge that God, if we fly into the uttermost part of the earth or sea, is there also; but our neighbours and companions are not, and they, I am afraid, are a far more present help to virtue.

So, in a great appeal such as this, which is made for money, the faults, as well as the goodness, of men and women must be made use of. There is a very generous class of donor who will give a great deal if he can thereby in some little way be commemorated. He pays for the endowment of a bed, or ward, or institution, if he may also name it. It is a human trait, and as old as generosity itself. In another way, the poorer sort of people are not ashamed of their small donations if they are all clubbed together for some object that they will be able to look upon and to point out as having helped to make or pay for.

Therefore the appeal, while forbidding individual hospitals to solicit the earmarking of donations, yet permits it to the public, so that a rich man or woman, or a society or school, can provide for their contribution being devoted to some special object. For example, the endowment of a bed in a hospital. Most hospitals have a number of these endowed beds, which are distinguished by a tablet set in the wall above it. I paid a visit the other day, however, to one—the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital for Women in the Euston Road—where they have hit upon a new and very charming manner for marking these endowed beds—namely, by placing a little panel of stained glass in the nearest window, of which a few illustrations are given.

The designs are the work of Mr. Christopher Webb, the idea Mr. Comper's and Miss Wigram's. Among the most successful are the panels commemorating the beds given by the Endowed Schools, by the Q.M.A.A.C., by the women of Canada (the result, by the way, of the exhortations of Dr. Winifred Cullis, who was over there on scientific business), by Bedford College, the Oxford Women's Colleges, the Swedish Physical Training Society, the Seamen's Silver Thimble Fund, and those endowed respectively by musicians, authoresses and by the stage (a fund conducted by Miss Irene Vanburgh). Of those illustrated, perhaps the best is the Domestic Servants' Bed, with a design representing St. Zitha, the saint of servants, to whom they should pray, provided their persuasion admits of it, if they have lost their keys, for she holds a bunch from which she selects a suitable one to give them. Another one is that to the late Winifred Everitt, beside a bed endowed in her memory by women secretaries and clerks. Miss Everitt was the hospital appeal secretary in 1918, and died at her work during the first influenza epidemic. A secretary of the recording angel, a charming little cherub, is here displayed consulting a tome bearing the legend "Minutes."

These are only a few, but they look very bright and cheerful to the patients, as they watch the sun shining through them, and the many coloured beams lighting upon their white sheets and moving on from bed to bed like a visiting familiar rainbow.

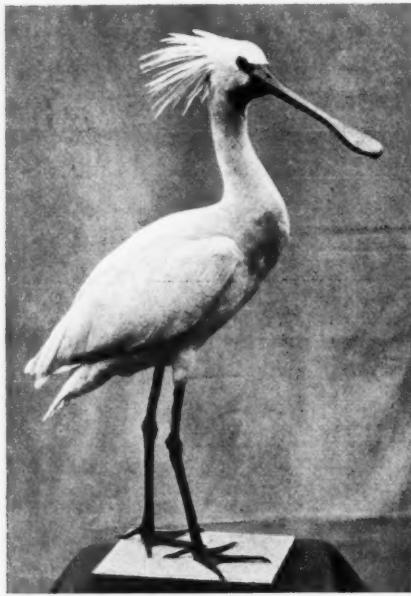
This mention of an individual hospital, however, must not be taken as a special request by that body. Far from it. It is just the mention of a charming idea, which may possibly please some of those who intend to lend an ear to the great music of the Combined Public Appeal. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

A RARE BIRD'S VISIT.
(SHOT, OF COURSE!)

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While out duck shooting on Formby shore and about to leave, as it was getting dusk, a large bird of unusual size made its appearance and, only having one shot left, I brought it down. It turned out to be an exceptionally fine specimen of the spoonbill, a bird almost extinct in these islands. It



Left: A very fine specimen of the spoonbill which was shot by Mr. G. H. Blair of Birkdale whilst duck shooting on Formby shore, eighty-two years since the last recorded specimen was shot in Lancashire. The bird stands 28ins. high, and is notable for its peculiarly shaped beak, hence its name spoonbill. Right: Mr. Blair with his 4-bore gun with which he brought down the spoonbill on Formby shore whilst duck shooting. (Contributor's titles.)

must have lost its way flying from Holland to Africa, or *vice versa*. I have had the bird stuffed and, as the photograph shows, it is a very handsome specimen. There appears to be considerable confusion as to the name of this species. It has probably arisen in this way: The bird now called spoonbill was formerly known in England as the popeler, shoveland or shoveler, while that which used to bear the name of spoonbill is the shoveler of modern days, the exchange of names having taken place about 250 years ago when the spoonbill was better known than now. The spoonbills form a natural group allied to the ibis, storks, herons, cranes, bitterns and the bustards. All these are large handsome birds and were legislated for in 1534, but the law proved futile and of no avail, for the reason that, although a heavy penalty was inflicted for taking the eggs, there was no punishment for destroying the parents in the breeding season. Consequently, all these birds have passed away except the heron, this one only being left. Now had the spirit of the Lexical law (Deut. 22, 6) have been followed, there is reason to think we should have a much richer and more extensive avifauna than we now possess. Mitchell in his "Birds of Lancashire" records only one appearance, and Coward in his "Birds of Cheshire" only two appearances, and both of these fifty or sixty years ago. It is curious to know that so large a bird should build its nest in a tree like the heron. It nests in Holland and winters in Africa. There have been numerous instances recorded this year of the appearance of rare birds in this country, such as waxwings, crossbill, whooper swan and little auk, but I think this spoonbill must be given first place in the list.—G. H. B.

FARLEIGH CASTLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was surprised when, two days ago, I paid another visit to Farleigh Castle (about which you published a letter from me last autumn, calling attention to the shocking method of restoration being carried out by the Office of Works) to find they have been wasting the taxpayers' money still further by relaying with new turf a large portion of the outer bailey of the Castle. The old grass

there was perfectly in keeping with the building and what you would expect to find in the place, whereas the new shaven lawn, which would be suitable for a college quad, is to my mind quite out of keeping and such as, of course, was never there originally. It cannot be kept up as a lawn, as the trippers naturally play about all over it. I suppose the Office of Works felt that the slightly uneven surface of grass did not accord with their smart new pointing, which gives the whole

around this house, although at a fair distance from the building itself. I have tried every remedy mentioned, so far without success, keeping the windows shut all the time in the unoccupied rooms, but they swarm in just the same, always in three sizes seemingly, in spite of the windows fitting tight, apparently. Recently I wiped all the window frames inside and out with a cloth well wetted with turpentine, and the windows as well, and killed all I could see, and within about twenty minutes there was again a large number. In the well nigh empty rooms there are no curtains or furniture near the windows, and the chimneys have been closed, as it was thought that flies might come down them. Heppell's Fly Spray, various oils and powders have no effect whatever, and one cannot well cut down pine trees because of these pests.—F. H. T.

[Search ought to be made for the breeding place of the flies, which would probably be found in the nearest manure heap.—ED.]

"OCCASIONAL CAMPING BY MOTOR CAR."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Meyrick Jones' article in your issue of April 1st with this attractive title has doubtless opened the eyes of many of your readers to the fact that, subject to a little contrivance, they have in their car a new and fascinating possession—a travelling sleeping apartment. This possession opens out a new pleasure to anyone addicted to sleeping out in the summer months, and for those who prefer a shelter over their heads the hood and side-curtains provide one ready to hand. The ideal to be sought for is a wood off the road, but provided with a drivable track, and close to a stream. I stipulate for a stream, as no camping place is worthy that does not provide a morning swim, or at least sufficient running water for the morning toilet. Mr. Meyrick Jones' article showed what could be done with slight adjustments to the limousine type of car, and instanced a Rolls-Royce and a Lanchester. My own experiences have been in a very much more modest way with a small touring four-seater, namely, the 11.9 h.p. "Standard," which, owing to its easily detachable front seats and admirable hood, is particularly well adapted for converting into a bed. The following diagrams will explain themselves. No. 1 is the

Castle the effect of a new concrete structure. Can nothing be done to preserve our ancient monuments from these devastators, who are wasting taxpayers' money and destroying the beauty of the buildings at the same time?—HAROLD A. PETO.

QUEEN WASPS.

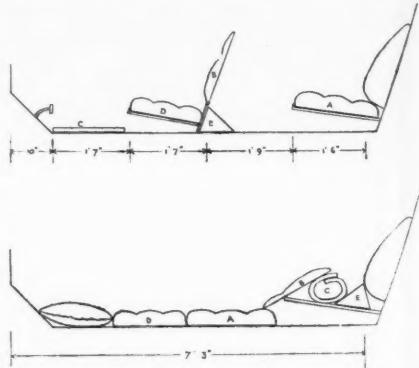
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE, March 18th, Mr. L. Walford alludes to the benefit rendered by wasps in their destruction of flies and especially mentions the Syrphidae (hover flies). I should like to point out that certain species of Syrphidae (destroyed by wasps), are among the most beneficial of all insects occurring in orchards and gardens, as they are the most formidable natural enemies of Aphides (green fly). Their larvae feed entirely on these destructive pests, and like many other carnivorous insects, they have an extraordinarily voracious appetite, consequently are almost always feeding. The flies deposit their eggs singly in the midst of a colony of Aphides, and directly the little grub hatches from the egg it starts devouring them, and growing rapidly it wanders about the infested foliage clearing off colony after colony. They quickly mature and several broods occur during the summer. As these very beneficial flies are everywhere abundant, they render enormous benefit to both the farmer and gardener and should always be protected. Their destruction therefore by wasps is one of the worst deeds of these pernicious insects. It is clear that the mode of reproduction among Aphides is so rapid and their multiplication so vast, that in a brief period of time the produce of a single aphid would be quite beyond all means of calculation, and if it were not for the Syrphidae and other natural enemies which keep them in check, all vegetation would soon cease to exist, resulting in the complete extermination of the entire population of the world.—F. W. FROTHAWK.

A PLAGUE OF HOUSE FLIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be most grateful if any readers from their own practical experience will kindly tell me how to get rid of house flies or some such that must come in from the various fir trees



ordinary daytime arrangement of the car, and No. 2 shows how this can be converted into a quite fairly comfortable bed for two people who can, for a night or two, put up with rather limited accommodation. The length is ample, but the width, 3ft. 3ins., calls for good companionship between the sleepers. The length, which I have given as 7ft. 3ins., is somewhat curtailed on the driver's side by the space occupied by the clutch and foot brake. The transformation is simply effected. The cushion A from the back seat is laid on the floor. The toolbox E, which is of the triangular foot-rest type, fills in the space at the bottom of the back of the rear seat. The coconut fibre floor mats C are rolled up and form a bolster on the top of the toolbox—or a rug will answer the same purpose. The thin back pads B are slipped off the front seats and form a sloping support to the head, bridging the gap from A to C. The front seat cushions D are placed on the floor, and the two front seat frames, which normally are held in position by a fly nut apiece, are released, lifted out and stowed away under the car. The addition of one or two air cushions to act as pillows at the head and another to form an extension at the foot—or a rolled up coat does as well—and in five minutes the bed is contrived.—AMBROSE HEAL.

April 29th, 1922.

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THE DANCING GIRLS OF SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you some pictures of dancing in Southern Nigeria. There are few large towns or villages which do not own their local dancing troupes, but the smaller villages have to depend for their entertainment upon the numerous strolling parties of dancing girls, that are frequently to be met with trekking through the bush from village to village. Sometimes these dancing troupes consist of as many as thirty or forty girls with their drummers and other attendant supernumeraries, while at other times there are only half a dozen or so performers. They bring no scenery or other stage properties, the market square or any other open space in the village serving them for a stage, with the mud huts, palm trees and other tropical foliage forming a most striking and picturesque background. Wherever they go these strolling players are always sure of a hearty welcome, as soon as the sound of the drums is heard the whole population of the village comes crowding round to watch the play. There are tubby little picins, the wizened old women, youthful mummies in their loose and flowing dresses of vivid colours and startling patterns, and the menfolk with their hats of many descriptions—felt hats, astrachan turban hats, and felt caps in red, green and blue stripes—to add variety to the scene there may be a few passing Hausas in their loose, flowing robes of once white creydon, who have been attracted by the sounds of revelry. The drummers squat upon the ground, vigorously beating their instruments to announce the entry into the arena of the chief dancing girl upon the shoulders of her partner. In front of her face as she enters she holds a brush made of hair; she wears a marvellous headdress of beads, in which are set several small mirrors about the size of a crown, which reflect the rays of light in scintillating beams as she moves; round her waist is a dress of beads with innumerable strings of multi-coloured beads hanging thereupon, and upon her ankles she has large metal

bangles. Her skin gleams and glistens in the sun from the oil that has been rubbed on her by her assistants before she comes upon the stage; following her on foot comes her satellite—generally a tiny girl—who is similarly attired and conforms exactly to her movements. Several times she is carried round before the audience, covering and uncovering her face, then having made her backward bow from the shoulders of her dancing partner, he places her upon the ground and withdraws. If any accident should occur while this feat is being performed the dancing partner has to pay forfeit in the form of a goat. The star dancer and her companions then dance round and round, first on all fours and then on their feet until the jingle of their beads and tiny bells re-echoes through the forest. At the end of the performance it is customary for the audience to give the performers small presents, sometimes it is given in money, but more often in kind, i.e., yams, tobacco or, perhaps, a fowl.—G. HAUSER.

VORACITY OF THE NUTHATCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While staying recently in an Oxfordshire rectory I was very much struck by the voracity of a pair of nuthatches (*Sitta europaea*), which came to feed on the bread placed on a table close up to the morning-room window. Most of the food was carried off and placed in holes in neighbouring trees, but they also devoured an enormous amount of bread on the table. This diet seems strange to a bird which usually feeds on nuts, acorns, beech nuts and seeds, although it also devours insects in large numbers. They never seemed satisfied, for however much bread was placed upon the table, they took it, visiting the table over thirty times per hour in the morning and continuing to visit it until every particle had vanished, even if it took them until well on into the afternoon; indeed they seemed to be insatiable. What happened to the bread they hid in the trees I cannot say, unless they fed on it in the early morning before the bread table had been stocked.—H. W. ROBINSON.



THE CORPS DE BALLET.



THE CHIEF DANCER MAKES HER APPEARANCE.



HER BACKWARD BOW.

A DOG FOSTER-MOTHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows a terrier and lamb (both in the possession of



JESS AND BILLIE.

Miss Beacall of Eardington House, near Bridgnorth) that have struck up an alliance. The lamb, a motherless foundling rejoicing in the name of Billie, was put in the stable, where Jess, the terrier bitch, was nursing her puppy; result, she was soon found nursing Billie as well! Though the lamb was fed by hand he did not hesitate to suck the terrier as well, and the photograph shows him enjoying himself at the puppy's expense! Though I have met many curious cases of foster-mothering, this is the first instance I have met with of a dog adopting a lamb.—FRANCES Pitt.

A BEAUTIFUL TIMBER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Among timbers of a decorative type that have been introduced to this country, few can compare in beauty of colour and graining with Andaman padouk. When freshly cut the wood is of a brilliant crimson, though on exposure to light and air it gradually tones down to a most desirable golden pink colour, suffused with darker shades, such as are seen in the best types of walnut timber. The marvellous beauty of padouk timber was greatly admired when portions of a staircase and some panellings were exhibited at the Empire Exhibition last year. The interior fittings of All Saints' Church, Paddington, are also of padouk wood, in which the beauty of colouring and graining in the pews and choir stalls have attracted attention. Where fully exposed to light, as in some of the doors and panellings, the colour of the wood has toned down considerably, but the pew seats and communion rail, which are kept clean and polished by the clothes of the worshippers, still retain their original bright colours. Padouk wood comes from three sources—Africa, East Indies and the Andaman Islands, that from the latter source being the most valuable. It is still scarce and expensive, but when better known is likely to be in request for cabinet work and parquet flooring.—A. D. WEBSTER.

BIRD LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Not only is the starling a clever mimic but an excellent actor. There are a pair building under the eaves close to my dressing-room window. On several occasions I have caught the cock bird bringing materials for the nest. He perches first on a wire snow guard, and if I show myself he immediately drops his building materials into the rain-water guttering and raises his head in a most innocent, nonchalant manner and commences a song, as much as to say, "I am not going to let you see what I am about." Another interesting incident in bird life is the vagaries of a barn owl that has been flying about in daylight and often broad sunlight all through the month of March. Almost any morning it is to be seen hawking about in the meadows in front of my house up to 8.30 and 9 o'clock, and one morning when it was rather hazy it was hawking at 10.45, when another bird, apparently shocked at its late hours chased it off to bed. In the evening it generally makes its appearance about 4 to 4.30, but lately, when there was a bright sunshine and cloudless sky, I saw it at 3.30 (all sun times). Can anything have happened to its sight to necessitate its feeding at such unconventional hours?—E. A. RAWLENCE.

THE LITTLE OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Probably this is the most abused bird of its species by the general public as well as landlords, keepers and farmers (the writer also admits he was one of the majority); but if the report on this bird, its habits and food, by Dr. W. E. Collinge, published in the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture* for February and March, is carefully studied and read, many will reconsider their former verdict and opinion generally. Dr. Collinge has examined the contents of 194 birds and 18 nestlings, as well as some 260 pellets and food brought to the nest; the birds being from nineteen counties and some for every month of the year, with the exception of September. The important months for game preservers and bird lovers are, of course, April, May, June and July, and in these months he examined 26, 27, 22 and 14 owls. Taking 100 per cent. as the basis, the traces found of game birds was 5.59 in the month of June, and of wild birds 5 per cent. for the same month, and June is the only month which gave traces of game birds. It is interesting to note that of wild birds the month of January gives 8.61 per cent. and March 9.28 per cent., so the cry that it kills many nestlings appears to be lacking foundation and justification. The month of November is when it kills most voles and mice—50.72 per cent.—and this is curious, as one would have imagined they would be taking to their winter

quarters; but throughout the year the monthly average runs from 27 per cent. to 33 per cent. The bird has varied tastes and is a great eater of insects of the injurious species, and kills from 19 per cent. in November to 40 per cent. in July as maximum. Of the mammals killed the long-tailed field mouse is most commonly found, followed by the short-tailed, the house mouse, bank vole (*Evotomys glareolus*), common shrew, mole and brown rat. Of the wild birds killed and identified, the house sparrow and the starling represent 2.09 per cent. and 2.04 per cent., both of which species will not be regretted by anyone. Landlords and others should instruct their keepers that the little owl is not to be shot at sight, but only if caught in the act of killing chickens or game, and if so the bird in question to be produced (together with any accidentally trapped, as the writer caught three in a trap set for stoats in a stack bottom), and they can then be sent on for examination and be the means of furnishing more proof for or against the species. Though full of perfectly honest ardour, keepers are at times a little misled by desire to protect game to the extent of rather misguided judgment, and one has seen cuckoos killed because they have a "varmint beak and a nasty flight." The writer remembers well a keen young keeper shooting a honey buzzard at a rearing field, and being told it had been seen to kill at least twenty birds before being shot. The face of the man when the crop was opened and some 180 wasps produced is still a pleasant memory!—M. P.

"AN EASTER SEPULCHRE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Some of the statements in the letter in your issue of April 15th, accompanying the illustration of the "Easter Sepulchre" at Hawton Church, are not quite accurate. In mediæval days (as also in the twentieth century) in the Catholic Church the Host was placed in what was then usually called a "Sepulchre" —to-day usually called the "Altar of Repose"—on Holy Thursday, and not on Good Friday. At Mass on Holy Thursday two Hosts were consecrated, one of which was consumed at the Mass, and the other taken in procession to a place prepared for It, in some cases this being a permanent stone structure away from the High Altar. This was decorated with candles and flowers, and the faithful watched before it till Good Friday, when, during the "Mass of the Presanctified," it was again taken in procession to the altar and consumed by the priest. Mass was never said on Good Friday in any liturgy of the church, and the "Mass of the Presanctified" is not really a Mass at all, but, as the name implies, a service at which the Host consecrated on the previous day was received in communion by the priest. As to the singing of the "Christus resurgens," there is no hymn (or canticle) of that name or beginning with those words, which appear to come from Rom. vi, 9, and do not appear in the liturgy of the Catholic Church until the Wednesday after Easter.—J. N. S.

THE FUTURE OF DEER FORESTS

THE Report of the Departmental Committee, appointed by the Secretary for Scotland in 1919, under the chairmanship of Sir John Stirling Maxwell, to examine the question of deer forests, is an extremely fair, well balanced and impartial document. Its principal suggestions are no ground in future to be afforested; an annual return of the stock of sheep and cattle in each deer forest; classification of existing forests, by local committees, who should determine the stock each should carry. Deer forests vary so much in pastoral value that classification is essential and in the Report they are divided into four categories: 1. Fit for no other purpose. 2. Capable of carrying a light summer stock. 3. Capable of carrying a light permanent stock. 4. Capable of carrying a full permanent stock. The two latter are really the only classes affected. The introduction of sheep to deer forests capable of holding them all the year round will mean a reduction in the numbers of deer, and it is to be hoped that such reduction will be carried out scientifically and with proper regard to the improvement of the stock of deer. The Report recommends that forests in the fourth class—to which most of the recently formed forests belong—should gradually be converted, during a period of five years, into sheep farms. Sylviculture could usefully be carried out in each of the four classes of forests mentioned and would be of benefit, not only to the forest itself, but to the community at large.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about the afforestation of the Highlands, which was chiefly due to economic causes. That it was overdone no one who has studied the question denies, and proprietors for some time past have been paying for their own and their predecessors' mistakes. A generation ago the conversion of good grouse (and sheep) ground into indifferent forests was deplored by men of sense. The chief difficulty in the way of sheep and deer sharing the same ground lies in the conflict of interest between the farmer and the proprietor. Deer do not mind sheep. It is the constant disturbance by noisy shepherds and dogs which drives them off the ground. Undoubtedly the neglect of heather burning and destruction of vermin has impaired the value of ground under deer and to both these points the Report draws attention. It also recommends that forests, where suitable, should be selected for land settlement in place of that devoted to pastoral or agricultural uses. The land settlement policy of the Government has shown that repopulation of even the less barren parts of the Highlands can only be accomplished at very heavy cost to the taxpayer. It would be interesting to observe how those who talk so glibly of such schemes would fare were they compelled to put their theories into practice in the case of themselves and their families. The cry for the so-called "repopulation of the deer forests," would

probably be considerably diminished. It is noteworthy that out of the 256 witnesses examined by the Committee, only one was in favour of the total abolition of deer forests.

A very important point is raised by the Committee as to the possible decay in the popularity of stalking. Whatever be the explanation, it is certain that the demand for deer forests tends to decrease, while the demand for grouse moors and fishing is greater than ever. It appears "that the demand for deer forests is diminishing every year, and more especially for the higher rented forests. There were on August 4th, 1921, no fewer than thirty forests, excluding the smaller forests, unlet. Although this result may be attributed partly to the coal strike and to the financial depression, the fact remains that nearly every grouse shooting in the Highlands has been let, and many of them at increased rentals. The older class of sportsmen who used to take deer forests is evidently dying out, and the younger men appear to prefer grouse-shooting to deer-stalking."

"Large forests conjoined with moors, where bags of grouse are considerable, will, in our opinion, always find tenants, and the same can be said of medium-sized forests with commodious lodges and good angling. But deer forests without a fair bag of grouse or other sporting attractions will, we think, in the future, be difficult to let. These considerations point to the conclusion that there are too many deer forests and deer in Scotland for the present or the prospective demand. We, therefore, incline to the view that if the number both of deer forests and of deer were reduced to reasonable proportions, so as to bring both more in accord with the present demand for stalking, the results would be better rents for those forests which can be used for no other purpose, and fewer complaints of damage by deer to arable and grazing lands."

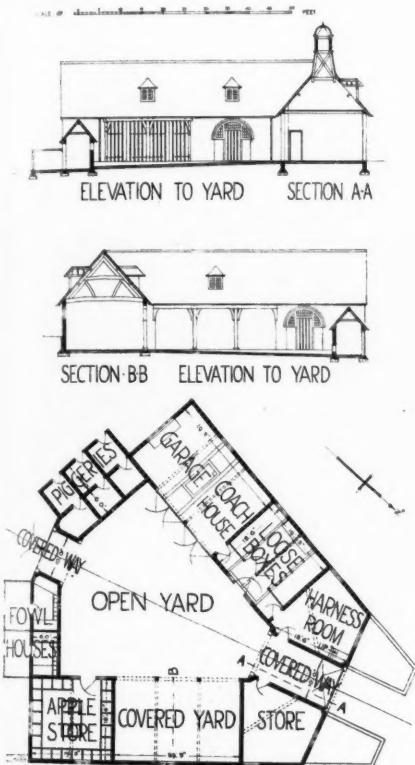
Another point made by the Committee is important. It is, that forestry might with great advantage be extended. It would have the advantage of finding employment for a considerable number of people and of adding to the value of the deer-forest area. One would expect one difficulty to be that of finding money. Owners of deer forests in Scotland are not as rich as they were and financial aid from the Government will be increasingly difficult to obtain. Theoretically it used to be held that forestry and small holdings did well in combination, because the work of the forest is important just when the small holder has not much to do on his land. Preparing the ground and planting are best done in the autumn and winter months, whereas a small holding in Scotland does not repay labour at that period of the year. In spring and summer the trees can be left to grow and require very little attention indeed, especially if they are laid out with the object of securing them against the possibility of such fires as were witnessed two or three years ago.

FARM BUILDINGS AT POYNINGS, SUSSEX

THESE buildings at Poynings, built for Mr. C. Heath Clark, make an interesting little group. They came into existence in rather a curious way. There is some fine trout fishing in the vicinity, and in the years before the war Mr. Clark built for himself a week-end cottage here, and a little later he added to the cottage. This was the prelude to a project for a good-sized house near by, in connection with which were to be suitable outbuildings and a large area of ground laid out for fruit. The fruit trees were planted, and shortly afterwards the outbuildings shown by the accompanying photographs were built from the designs of Messrs. Ernest G. Allen and Partners. Then came the war, and like many another project, this one was brought to an abrupt halt, and has never been taken up again, so that the farm buildings have lost their particular reason for existence, though good use is still made of them. They occupy a corner site where the roads to the village and the ford meet. A triangular plan was the logical outcome of the conditions, the accommodation being grouped around a paved yard.



GENERAL VIEW FROM SOUTH-EAST.



The main entrance is at the corner next to the road, and here above the ridge has been set a little cupola with clock and chimes in the miniature belfry; and as the village formerly had nothing of the kind, this incidental feature to a private building proved of appreciable communal benefit.

Passing through the covered way and entering the yard, we find the right-hand range occupied by a garage, coach-house and loose-boxes, with a harness-room tucked away in the corner. On the opposite side the major portion of the space is left open and serves for the storage of wood and for vehicles. Next to this space is a large apple store, admirably equipped with shelving and sliding trays, and being well lighted by a semi-circular window.

Through what we may call the base of the triangle a covered way leads out to the meadows, and to right and left of it are piggeries and fowl-houses.

Local materials were used for the construction, the walling being of good brickwork, the roofing of sand-faced tiles which have weathered pleasantly, and the joinery and timberwork throughout of oak. The most has been made of the roof space by utilising this as a loft. R. R. P.



NORTH ENTRANCE.



VIEW IN YARD.

Ernest G. Allen and Partners.

SPORT IN NORWAY

MR. G. LINDESAY, of Copenhagen, writes: "When, about the year 1838, British sportsmen first began to visit Norway, it was for the sake of the salmon fishing. They crossed the North Sea in any sort of craft they could get hold of; when the uncomfortable and generally protracted voyage was ended they made their way over bad roads in rough country vehicles to the banks of the river of their choice; and wherever they went they had to put up with most indifferent quarters and the poorest food. Nevertheless, the sport was magnificent; angling rent was an institution not yet invented; and the owners of the riparian rights welcomed with open arms the eccentric beings who not only caught their 'Lax' for them, but even offered money to be allowed to do so."

"Thirty years later everything had completely changed, and when in the spring of the year 1870 the present writer first voyaged in the old *Tasso* from Hull to Trondhjem, the conditions generally were greatly improved. Many of the best salmon rivers had been taken on lease, but there were plenty of good beats still to be had on reasonable terms, the farmers had learned the advantages of cleanliness and fresh air in their dwellings and how to make their tenants comfortable, and excellent roads had been made in many directions. It had been discovered, moreover, that Norway offered facilities for other forms of sport than angling, and that after a season on the Namsen, Mandal or other splendid stream, the Englishman could with advantage devote his superfluous energies to stalking reindeer on the high fjords, or red deer on Hithren; to tracking elk and bear in the interminable forests; or to shooting willow grouse and ptarmigan on the vast moorlands, which were almost invariably within easy reach of his fishing quarters. The demand thus created materially raised the value of all sporting property, and in view of the great natural advantages which the country possessed, and the financial ones direct and indirect which were certain to accrue, it seemed likely that game preserving on a large scale in Norway would come to be encouraged by the State and by the people generally. Such, too, was the object aimed at by the Norsk Jaeger og Fisker Forening, that influential association of sportsmen which celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its existence on February 10th last year.

"As regards the salmon rivers, it may be said that, in spite of the bagnets with which the fjords are crammed, they have exhibited great recuperative powers, and last season (1921) many of them fished well. But, on the other hand, complaints from English lessees as to the wretched sport obtained and the extortionate rents paid have been numerous of late years, and it would seem that the upper beats on several well known streams—the Orkla and Gula, for instance—have been rendered practically useless for angling purposes. A whole series of rivers, too, which discharge on the south-western coast—the Fede, Krima, Lyngdal, Undal, Mandal, Torrisdal, Topdal and Nisser—have shown a very marked deterioration for some time. No one taking a salmon river in Norway, with which he has no previous acquaintance, should do so without obtaining precise details of the catch made on it *with the rod* the preceding season. It is also highly advisable to ascertain the charges to be made for men and boats. In some valleys these since the war have been outrageously high. With regard to game, the hopes entertained by sportsmen can hardly be said to have been realised. The wild reindeer, which up to the end of last century at any rate ranged the mountains throughout the greater part of the country in vast numbers, has, except in the Hardanger Vidden and in its vicinity, been pretty nearly wiped out. Inadequate legislative protection, wholesale poaching and tame deer pasturing, with its concomitants, have done their work.

"A similar fate has befallen the elk in many districts where formerly it was plentiful. The war caused a great demand for meat in any form, and the poachers did their best to supply it with elk venison. The Government, too, assisted by letting out the right to kill them in the State forests which formerly constituted a sanctuary for the big deer. So greatly was the stock reduced in both the North and the South Trondhjem Amts that all-the-year-round protection had to be resorted to in 1919 for three years in these large provinces, and the result, as so far ascertained, is said to have been satisfactory. This, however, the coming season will show.

"It is matter for profound regret that the great majority of the people, whether resident in town or country, cannot apparently be brought to understand what an inadequate use is now made of the great natural resources as a game-producing country which Norway possesses. It avails not to cite the case of Germany, the market value of whose game was 50,000,000 marks annually before the war, or of the United Kingdom. In spring, when the capercaille and black game resort to the 'leks' for procreative purposes, they are openly shot down, both cocks and hens, under the nose, so to speak, of the authorities. In winter the kyper are snared in hundreds of thousands, and at all seasons of the year the wild reindeer is persecuted by poachers, armed with long-range rifles, who are very rarely brought to book for their chronic infractions of the law. A new game law is badly wanted in Norway, and in all probability the one which now exists will have ceased to apply next year at

latest; but to make regulations for the preservation of the game animals and birds in a country so extensive and varying so greatly in character is no easy matter, and to enforce them is still more difficult. The legislators—many of them with the best intentions—have to conform to the ways of the people, although they know them to be destructive of the goose which might be made to lay the golden eggs, and any great improvement is hardly to be looked for."

HOW MANY REALLY REPREHENSIBLE KEEPERS ARE THERE?

Those having the interests of game at heart will be delighted to read of the measures which have been proposed against grey squirrels in the various parks where bird sanctuaries exist or are in course of installation. Measures of exclusion are being taken against cats of hunting tendency, and this includes all members of the race which have reached mature years. Wherein these facts are pleasing is that they denote a growing appreciation of the necessity to regulate marauding animals in the interests of desirables. As soon as gamekeeping methods become a recognised part of the programme of pure nature lovers, some of the sentimental separation between the two camps will be bridged. In a recent issue I read a letter from a correspondent pointing out that I rather missed the mark in an earlier contribution in a similar strain, the correspondent's complaint being against the cruel and ignorant keeper, of which he believes there are quite a number. My own, perhaps, limited experience in that direction tends to an opposite conclusion. The keeper, as a rule, has a separate and distinct affection for his surroundings apart from their reference to his business. Perhaps few of them can identify rare visitors, but of their love for the songsters and insect eaters there can be no doubt. They wage war against the predaceous kinds and feel hurt at the attacks made upon them for removing certain of the debatable sorts, giving chapter and verse in support of their practice. The kestrel is usually the text of this homily. Owls I never remember any of them condemning, and imagine very few can do so, an opinion which is based on the many times when members of shooting parties have been peremptorily warned in my presence when one of these birds has been disturbed. The little owl is an exception. Keepers as a class, moreover, are tactful upholders of the practice among sportsmen to bar firing at non-game birds, however tempting the mark they may offer, their facial expression and the tone of any comment they may offer showing clearly how they regard these breaches of convention. The difference of attitude when known sinners are appropriately saluted supplies a clear index of the keeper's own personal behaviour when out with a gun.

A REPREHENSIBLE KEEPER.

I have just encountered a reprehensible keeper. It happened in this wise. When push-cycling out of London I paused to enjoy the first glimpse of real country surroundings. On one side was the edge of the ever-advancing tide of houses, an edge rendered ragged by a baleful eruption of small holdings, and on the other real fields, real woods and real arable cultivation. A man of distinguished tramp appearance, who was in urgent need of conversation, passed the time of day, and almost without a pause, or any species of hint that the subject would be interesting, plunged into the details of his daily work of vermin trapping. Some 800 acres were under his care, and they apparently produced about 150 brace of partridges, roughly half as many pheasants, in addition a nice sprinkling of hares and a fair quantity of rabbits. He came of good Norfolk game-keeping stock, had been around this part for some thirty years and contemplated an early return to his beloved premier county. By all seeming he was a born trapper. The place had swarmed with hedgehogs and rats, but there were now very few left, and partridges had thrived accordingly. Owls he made no secret of reducing by every available device, always sparing what he called the white owl, against which he had no cause for complaint; his pet enemy was the "fern owl," but not the bird usually so named, which he called the night hawk. His stories of their ravages on newly hatched partridge and pheasant chicks were harrowing in their detail, and he once shot one of them carrying a burden which had aroused his curiosity—it turned out to be a young leveret. Cats troubled him not at all, which is to say that he had a device of his own for dealing with any depraved members of this tribe. Apparently it was a modified edition of the old "springe," which is mentioned in Acts of Parliament. A "bender" of tremendous strength was pulled down into restraint, and it carried a wire noose which, besides giving an almighty jerk, never let go. Poor pussy would be stiff and stark by the morning. Apparently, she found some species of delight in following on the keeper's footsteps, so being led to the place where all due arrangements had been made for her reception. Perhaps it is as well that the entire area will shortly be made over to small holdings, for that keeper's life would be endangered if he continued to fight in the interests of game in this area of growing domesticity. I for one shall miss the gladdening sight of game so near London—hedgehogs and rats will afford meagre consolation.

MAX BAKER.